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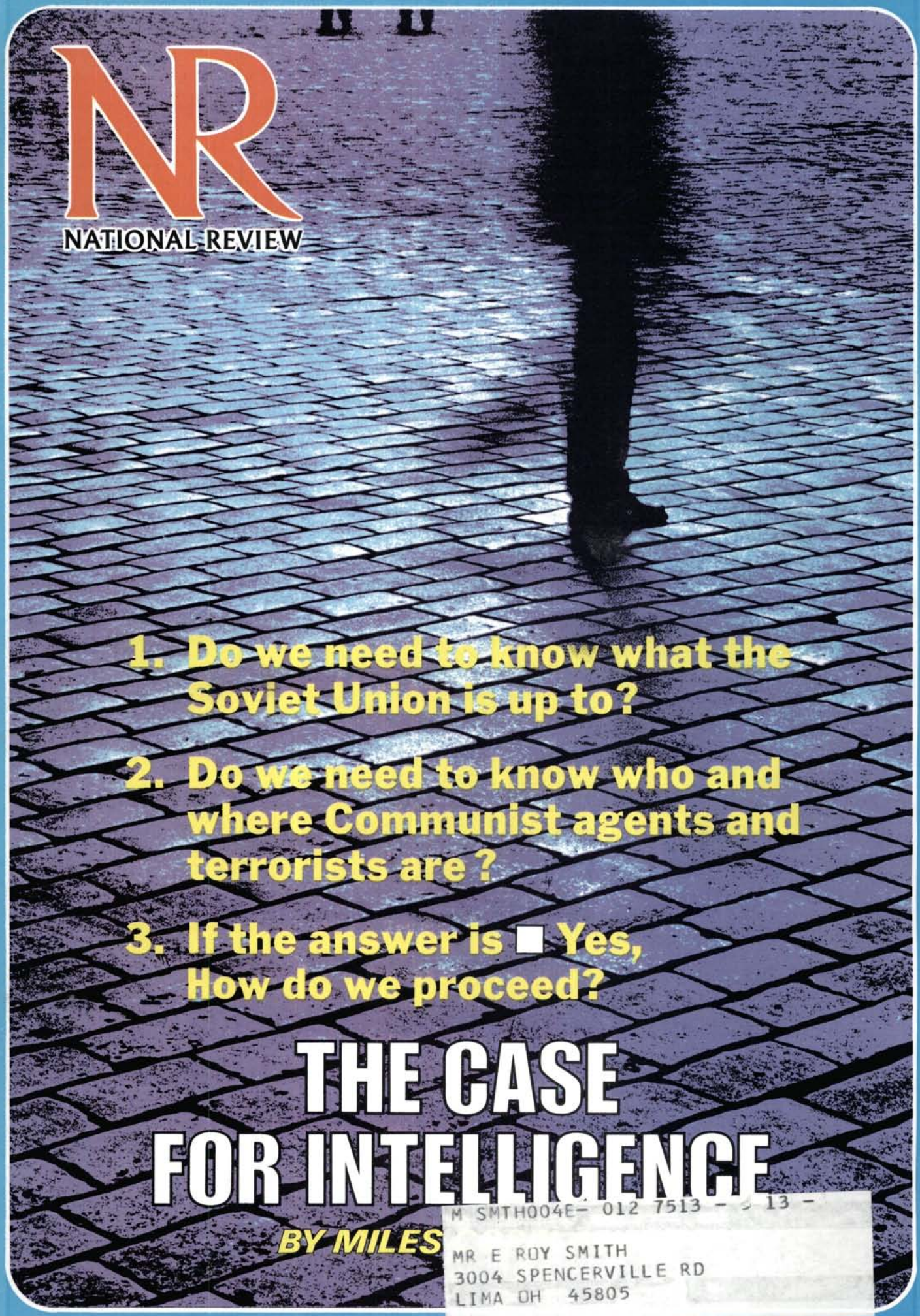

1. Do we need to know what the Soviet Union is up to?

2. Do we need to know who and where Communist agents and terrorists are?

3. If the answer is ■ Yes, How do we proceed?

THE CASE FOR INTELLIGENCE

BY MILES

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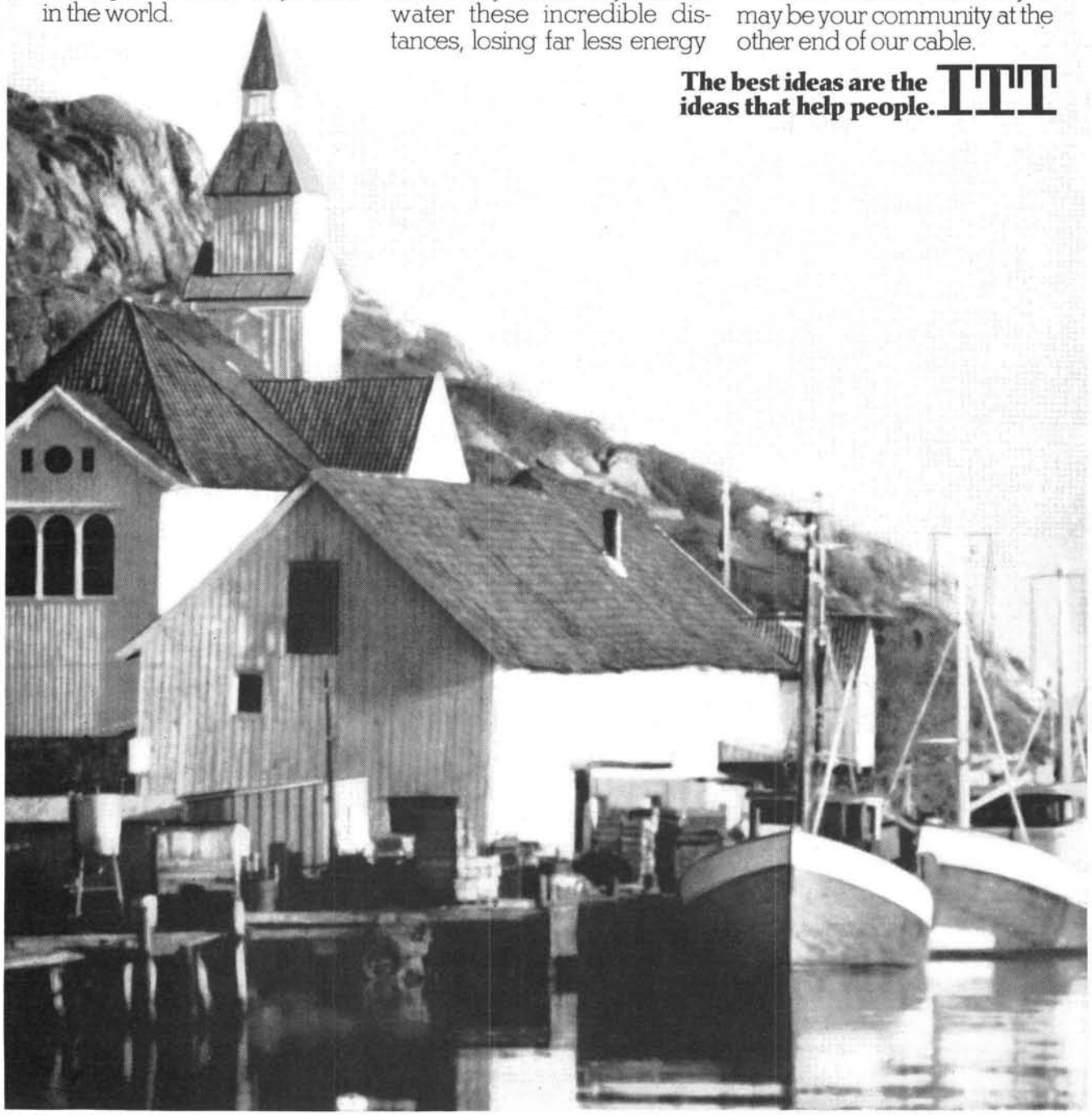

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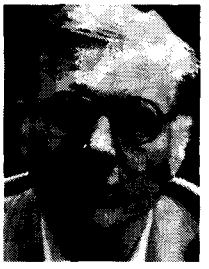

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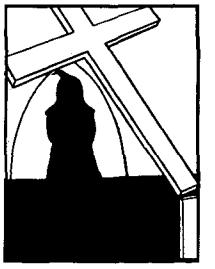

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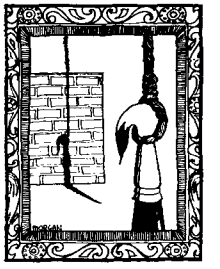

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Miles Copeland

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732 James Ross's 35-year-old novel *They Don't Dance Much* has been rescued from oblivion. Deservedly. *D. Keith Mano*

732 Bruce Mazlish, psychohistorian, now turns his fanciful gifts on Mr. Mill and his precocious son. *Stephen J. Tonsor*

734 H. Stuart Hughes set out to write a book about refugees from Nazism in America, then apparently changed his mind.
Norbert Muhlen

735 Joseph Wechsberg's *Verdi* makes pretty dull reading, except when the author lets Verdi do the writing. *Chilton Williamson Jr.*

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"It is a matter of will power. Do we have enough left among the non-Liberals who put the United States above the United Nations—who believe Western civilization and ethics are superior to the barbarism and atheism of communism?"—Irene Corbally Kuhn, *Christian Economics*

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Letters

Vietnam Epitaph

I've been looking for some way to focus my thoughts on what really happened in Vietnam, what went wrong, on a more thoughtful level than the usual "we shouldn't have been there in the first place" or, alternatively, "if we were going to fight a war we should have fought it." Both viewpoints had something to be said for them but damn it all, they didn't satisfy.

I need look no further. *NR*'s splendid epitaph to Vietnam ["All Quiet on the Eastern Front," June 20] provided the explanation I had been looking for. Anthony Bouscaren's piece was straightforward, unemotional, convincing, and I found Norman Hannah's insights liberating. His article should be widely distributed. I'll do my best.

I liked the cover visually but if I'm not mistaken wasn't that a Jewish gravestone sitting in the Indochinese jungle? That small quibble aside, thanks for publishing an issue I shall keep.

Kew Gardens, N.Y. MAUREEN FOGARTY

Soviet Outposts

D. F. Spencer Jr.'s appraisal of the Soviet navy ["What Russia Is Up To," May 9], and of the uses to which it can be put, is welcome for its candor and realism. However, I would suggest—as an old U.S. Navy man—that Yugoslav ports are not as necessary to Soviet aims as he seems to think. The several Arab countries with which the Soviet Union has close military alliances would sufficiently serve the Soviet strategic purpose.

Strike bases on the southern perimeter of the Mediterranean from Libya eastward are more than enough to provide tactical and strategic superiority for the Soviets. Spain, France, Italy, Israel, and Turkey would be subject to the preponderance of Russian naval and air power, and NATO's communication lines in the Mediterranean would be indefensible.

In exchange for strategic base concessions, the Soviet Union can offer continued buildup of Arab arsenals, and an eventual Arab-dictated settlement of the question of Israel. The success of that policy would almost certainly force the Yugoslavs into line, willingly. Since several Arab governments (especially Egypt) are asking for a renegotiation of the heavy burdens of the arms agreements, such a Soviet venture appears to be starting now.

Claremont, Calif. DONALD A. JAFFA

Wallace

I was sorry to see *NR* caught up in the error that first appeared in the *Washington Post*'s account of George Wallace's interview with foreign journalists. You got a yuck out of Wallace's saying that Sweden had permitted Hitler to send troops through Sweden during the invasion of Norway ["Heat on Wallace." June 6], as did the *Post*; but in fact Wallace was right. It did happen.

Washington, D.C. GEORGE MCDUFFY

I see what M. E. Bradford is trying to get at ["George Wallace and American Conservatives: The Nexus," April 25] and sympathize with his effort, but when I read the reference to the *élan* of Confederate infantry, I must say that I thought of the old Will Rogers movie in which Will sways a jury by bringing in a band to play "Dixie." The antebellum South has its charms, all right, but nobody's going to win many votes waving it around.

I was seriously concerned that Professor Bradford's advice that a conservative coalition count the Negro vote as hopelessly lost might be taken, because of his connection with the Wallace movement, as reflecting Governor Wallace's considered and long-range policy. I certainly can't speak for Governor Wallace any more than Professor Bradford can, but I can tell you what Governor Wallace *did* in the last gubernatorial election. He campaigned just as hard for black votes as he did for white votes, and he probably ended up with a majority of black voters in Alabama on his side.

Perhaps what works in Alabama can work on the national scene. First, take the message to the real leaders of the

(Continues on page 698)

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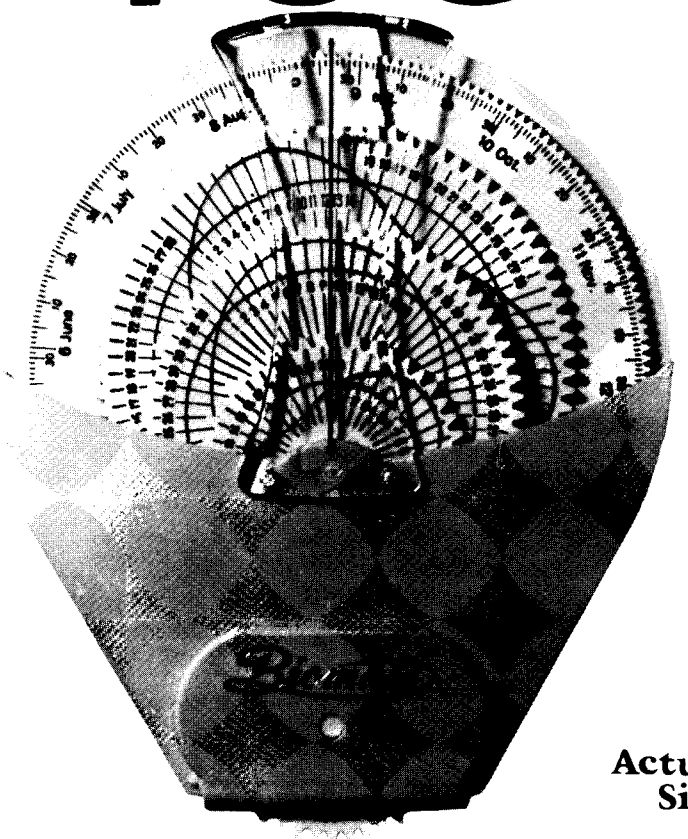

Actual Size

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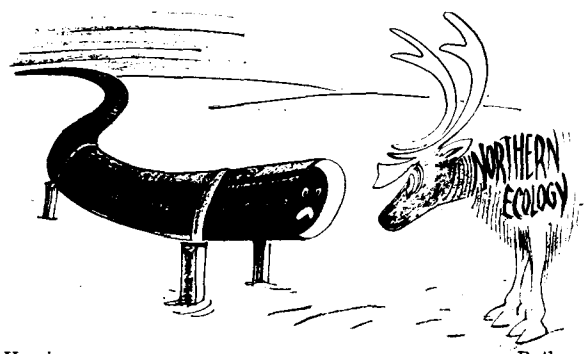
FOR THE RECORD

■ About the **Rockefeller Commission** report on the **CIA**. What did it cost? $245,000, according to Budget Director **James Lynn**. What did it contain that you haven't seen widely mentioned? The estimate that the USSR and Communist bloc nations have a worldwide network of half a million spies, at least 2,000 of whom are operating in the United States. . . . Commission member **Ronald Reagan** has called on the government to end all other investigations into the CIA because, says Reagan, some congressmen and senators cannot keep secrets. . . . One congressman in point, **Michael Harrington** (D., Mass.), who was barred from handling confidential material by the House Armed Services Committee last week (he had admitted leaking secret information to the press on CIA's involvement in Chile last winter), now indicates he may step down from Rep. **Lucien Nedzi**'s subcommittee on intelligence, in order to permit Nedzi to get on with the job. (Harrington had led an abortive revolt against Nedzi's chairmanship.) When Nedzi committee was setting up rules for its investigation, only Harrington and Rep. **Ron Dellums** (D., Calif.) among committee members had insisted that at least one member of their own staffs be permitted to inspect hearing files. . . . The CIA got an assist last week from **Charles Wiley**'s National Committee for Responsible Patriotism, which urged Americans around the country to speak out in support of the intelligence community.



Harris Rothco

"Out of my way, stupid—you're impeding progress!"

■ But the attacks continue: Houghton Mifflin is bringing out a book in September, *The Cuba Project*, by former CIA agent **William Turner** and **Warren Hinkle**, on 15 plots to murder **Fidel** and **Raúl Castro** in the early Sixties. Walter Hinkle, in case you've forgotten, was the publisher of *Ramparts* when *Ramparts* was making big news, and his story on how that big news was made he himself recounted a couple of years back in *If You Have a Lemon, Make Lemonade*. . . . **Emile de Antonio**—who identifies himself as "a Marxist filmmaker"—plans a fictionalized movie of **Philip Agee**'s *Inside the Company: CIA Diary*, which may, according to de Antonio, star **Jane Fonda**. Other de Antonio films: *Millhouse*, *Point of Order* (about the Army-McCarthy hearings), *In the Year of the Pig*, on Vietnam. . . . Also on the Left, the Rev. **Cecil Williams**, who was contacted by the SLA at the time of **Patricia Hearst**'s kidnapping, believes Tanya is working on a book that the underground will bring out. . . . And **Alger Hiss**'s name has turned up as signatory to a *New York Times* ad by the National Committee to Reopen the Rosenberg Case. Hiss was identified as "a former State Department official."

■ So confused are liberal Democrats about the presidential situation next year that they have set up a Democratic Conference—Rep. **Donald Fraser**, the ADA Chairman, will head it—to hold meetings around the country at which presidential hopefuls can present themselves and their programs, and field questions, during the next few months. . . . Former governor, ambassador, and just-about-everything-else in the Democratic Party, **Averell Harriman**, put his finger on it: "One big problem is that we [Democrats] have one dozen vice presidential candidates running for President." . . . Joining the group last week, almost but not yet quite officially, was Georgia legislator **Julian Bond**, who has picked **George Wallace** ("a hillbilly Hitler") as his chief whipping-horse.

■ Watch out for news stories from **Tanjug**, the Yugoslav news agency, which plans to go into competition with the big four (AP, UPI, Reuters, Agence France Presse) in presenting what it describes as "decolonized news" from the Third World. While Western and American reporters are being expelled from Saigon daily, Tanjug reporters are arriving. . . . The *Daily Telegraph* (London), quoting local sources in Indochina, says tens of thousands of **Cambodians** have died since the fall of that country, many by starvation but many others by firing squads. . . . In **Vietnam**, former officials of the **Thieu** government, even low ranking soldiers and clerks, are being required to confess to at least one crime committed during "imperialist times" in the re-education sessions all must go through. . . . In **India** the opposition press is calling Judge **Jag Mohanlaj Sinha**, who ruled that **Indira Gandhi** must quit as Prime Minister, India's Judge Sirica.

■ *NR*'s note to an absent commodore: **Victor Borge** has christened his new half-million-dollar yacht *E-Major*, because "there's nothing minor about it." . . . First message washed to shore from the yacht *Cyrano* (**WFB Jr.**, skipper) mailed from Fort Lauderdale to New York June 11, carried the message: "**Fidel Castro** is a rotten tamale."

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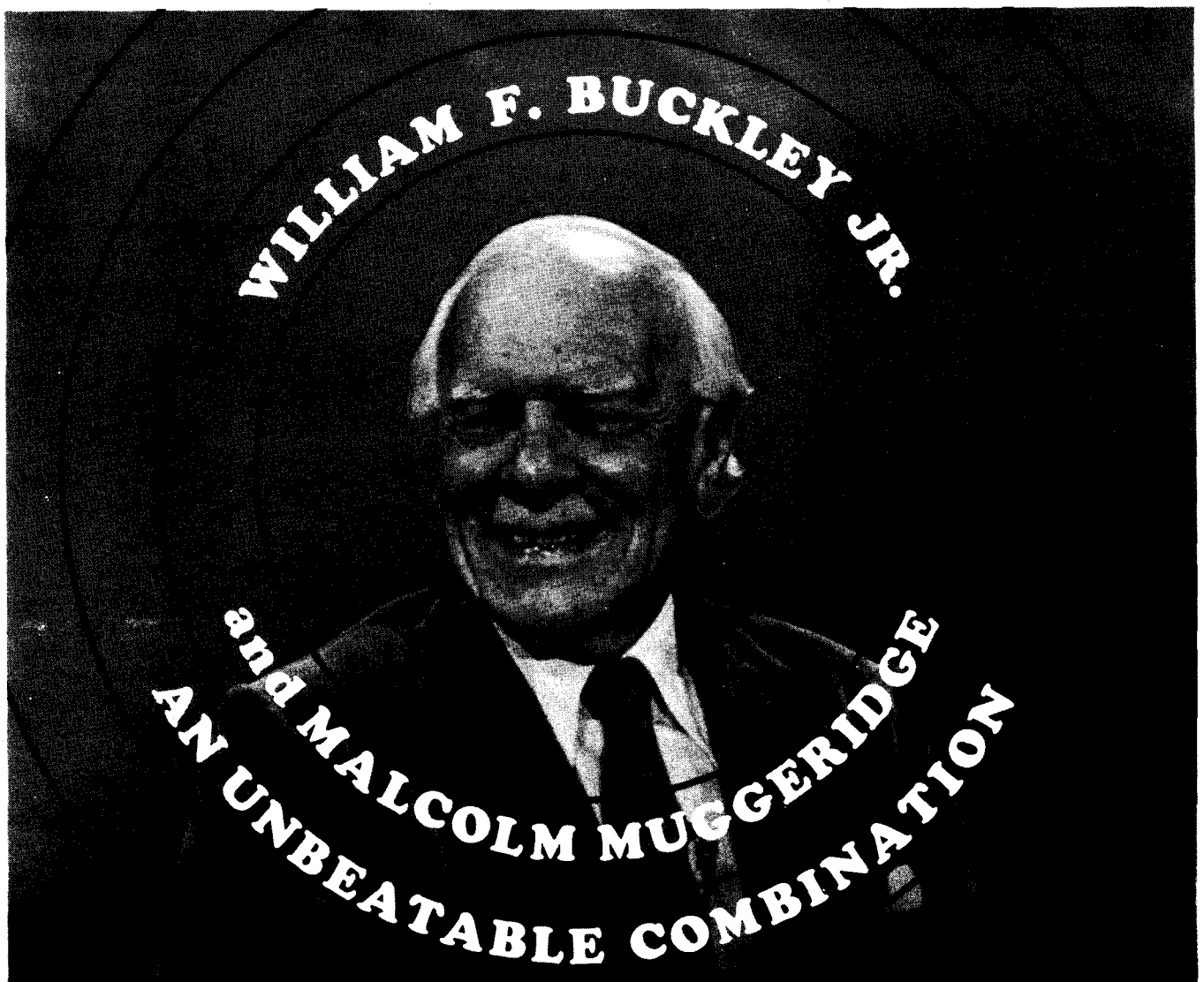

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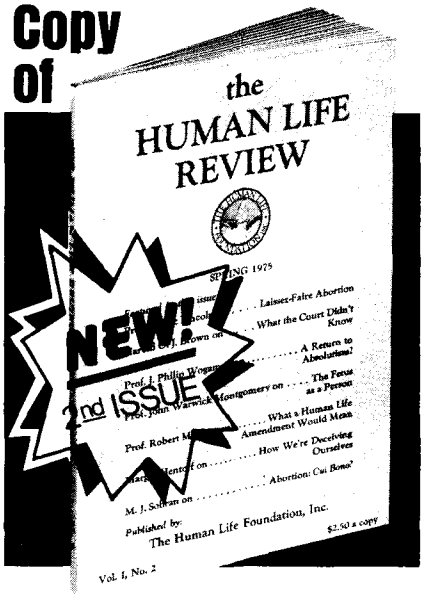

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 694)

black people of America, not to the ones who have been elevated to leadership by the liberal news media and academia. Second, bury all the mythical blacks: the welfare black, the criminal black, the exploited black, the disadvantaged black, the vengeful black, the heroic black, and so forth. Envisage the real black, the vast majority of American blacks: people who want a chance to make it on their own, who want a decent, stable order as much as anyone else does.

George Wallace may well be able to do on the national scene what he has done in Alabama. At least he wouldn't be clobbered 9 to 1 as the Republicans have been in three presidential campaigns.

Troy, Ala. JOHN W. BOWLING

Before conservatives grow too certain that Mr. Wallace should be their choice in 1976, let them consider some items from his record as governor.

He is said to be the most extravagant governor in the history of Alabama.

He is said to be avid for federal grants, whenever they are available.

He is said to have attempted to cancel or bypass the State Constitution of Alabama so that he might succeed himself as governor. In this being unsuccessful, he secured the office for his first wife, Lurleen.

He campaigns strongly, having seized four or five slogans acceptable to conservatives. But rhetoric is useful in winning elections. Performance in office, as he has demonstrated, is something different.

I think he is a dangerous man, in the sense that he has no compunction in matters concerning power, or expenditure, or in so hypnotizing Americans that many do really think that he is a conservative and would be one in the White House.

St. Petersburg, Fla. ROBERT J. NEEDLES

Political Salmon

Those of your readers who are familiar with the story of Lake Michigan salmon must have thought *NR's* March 28 cover even more subtle than the letter from Ruth Berenson in your April 25 issue indicated.

The salmon were planted in Lake Michigan over ten years ago to eat up the alewives that had invaded the Great Lakes through the Seaway and, in dying, were ruining the beaches. So far there have not been any rumors of these salmon going back out to sea through the Seaway, but they may be capable of doing this. Also, the fish ladder at Manistee has been a bigger tourist attraction all these years than the one at Grand Rapids will be even if President Ford himself goes swimming up it every day.

In reality the salmon returns to struggle up the fish ladder against the stream as it nears the end of a life cycle of three (Coho) or four (Chinook) years. After the water cools and the fish no longer eats, the force of nature relentlessly drives it up the stream where it was first planted. There it spawns or fertilizes eggs and that is the end of the drama.

Did your artist mean to represent political Cohos going upstream?

Stamford, Conn. TEX COLLINS

Marijuana Data

Ah, Gazzaniga! Data, data, everywhere, but not a datum to think ["The Marijuana Business," June 6]. I have never written that "there are no new data" about marijuana because there is a constant flow of "raw data"; and I have never written that the "old studies are full of holes" because I agree with some and disagree with others. And the name of NORML is the National Organization for the Reform —not Repeal—of Marijuana Laws. (I am *in* it but not "of" it.)

My only "aprioristic" position regarding the weed has been to assume that it is *not* harmless; I do not base my opposition to the laws on any such "frantic and irresponsible" premise. Otherwise, there is very little of substance in Michael Gazzaniga's article with which I can disagree. Marijuana "may do this." It "also seems" to do that. "Scientists have collected data that suggest . . ." "It is entirely likely that extreme claims . . . will not stand up." Usually "drastic effects follow [only] prolonged use . . ." And finally, "many researchers are skeptical." About all of the above? Some of the above?

Has anyone noticed that *none* of the points mentioned in this article is related to the original or even secondary arguments for criminalizing possession of marijuana? Will "new data" provide *ex post facto* justification for the old lies and consequent arrest of two million Americans?

Forth Worth, Tex. RICHARD C. COWAN

Atatürk's Heritage

The political role attributed to military leaders in developing nations by your March 28 editorial "Nasser's Heritage" is an important distinction from the traditional view of the military-governmental role. The observation is valuable in that it allows us to analyze more accurately the goals of military governments.

Unfortunately, the editorial suffered a bit of chronological dislocation. Nasser was not the first military leader to come to power with a full social program in mind. That revolutionary distinction must go to Mustafa Kemal (Atatürk) who engineered a similar operation in Turkey three decades before Nasser ousted Farouk.

Thus, for the sake of accuracy, we should refer to social military revolutions as being of Atatürk's, not Nasser's, heritage.

Oxford, England STEVEN R. COTTON

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THE WEEK

■ The search for missing Americans in Vietnam, which suffered one sharp setback when the Communists won the war, has suffered another. *Nhan Dhan*, the official North Vietnamese newspaper (there are no unofficial ones), now says the search may not be resumed until the U.S. delivers its "contribution to healing the wounds of war," i.e., comes through with a hefty ransom. Meanwhile, George McGovern's pal Fidel Castro, who knows a thing or two about ransoms, wants to let bygones be bygones; maybe he could, as a goodwill gesture, chip in a few tractors.

■ Since 1969 the House of Representatives has steadfastly refrained from increasing its $42,500 salary—even though inflation has meanwhile soared 25 per cent. Instead, the representatives take the backdoor route, which consists of annual increases in tax-free expense allowances and perquisites. This year's pay boosts took the form of an increase in paid trips home from 21 to 32, letting the Treasury pay for printing two newsletters at a cost of $4,000, and an increase in individual staff allowances by more than $21,000. The *Wall Street Journal*, after checking to see how the "straight-shooting mavericks who would bring new candor and morality to the Halls of Congress" performed, found that 62 of those freshman representatives voted in favor of the increases. "Perhaps we should take some satisfaction that the new hands are not total iconoclasts itching to shake the government to its very foundations," commented the *Journal*. "But on matters that reveal the true depth of convictions . . . there doesn't seem to be a dime's worth of difference between the Young Turks and the Old Guard."

■ This month's Hobart Rowen award for economic inanity goes to Hubert Humphrey for the following classic exposition of the bottomless well theory: "I do not feel," said Humphrey, "that we should allow a shortage of funds to prevent cities from financing needed projects." The Senator has introduced legislation to create a National Domestic Development Bank, whose dividends would be partially tax-exempt, in order to divert savings into low interest loans to cities and worthy businesses. If, as a result of pulling this money away from unsubsidized investments, the viable portion of the private sector experiences a shortage of funds, the obvious solution is to print more money. After all, a mere shortage of funds need not prevent financing anything.

■ "President Ford is probably the least receptive chief executive toward government intervention in the marketplace since Calvin Coolidge." The statement comes from a *New York Times* report on the news, and must therefore be intended as fact rather than editorial opinion. Being compared with Coolidge is a great improvement, politically speaking, over the Hoover label that was tried earlier. After all, a President who took a nap every day couldn't be all bad. As it happens, the average unemployment rate during the Coolidge Administration was 3.6 per cent, and consumer prices actually *declined* by 2.3 per cent. Until the interventionists can match that record maybe they should be wary about comparing their opponents to Cal Coolidge.

■ After 48 years as one of the great teachers at Columbia, Jacques Barzun is retiring, and expects to devote his time to writing. Among the students Barzun remembers most vividly, reports the *Times*, was "an adult student taking an evening course in European history back in 1933 or 1934. The man, in his forties, handsome and well dressed, passed the final exam with high marks and later approached Professor Barzun to express gratitude. 'He told me, "I should like to repay you, and if there is ever anybody you want to eliminate just call," ' Dr. Barzun remembers. The student, for all his scholarliness, was apparently a 'hit' man for the underworld." But where was he when Columbia needed him in the spring of 1968?

■ Don't you worry about New York City and its $11.9-billion emergency austerity disaster desperation budget. *Wall Street Journal* sleuths have turned up much evidence that all is absolutely normal in the city budget, which goes on paying for a scale tester who gets twenty minutes of work a week, a museum seamstress, three hundred kids raising vegetables, a cactus expert, eight social workers assigned to the foreign diplomatic corps, 16 people cutting pictures out of publications, nine people answering questions over the phone, 35 water supply police, and eight undercovermen assigned to play bingo.

■ Before last week's regional elections, the outlook was bleak for the Italian Communists' united front strategy. It was only at the city government level that they had been successful. But now the regional elections have put them back in business. In the 1972 parliamentary elections, the Christian Democrats had received 38.4 per cent of the vote in these same regions; this time they received 35 per cent. The Communists' share of the vote, meanwhile, rose from 28.3 to 33.7 per cent, and the vote of

Funny Doings in Somalia

In a city east of Suez
  Where the tankers pass at sea,
They've been stacking Russian missiles
  Which our naughty spy planes see.
But when liberals are summoned
  For a secret resumé,
Teddy, Muskie, and McGovern
  Want to stick the CIA.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

On June 17—the third anniversary of the Watergate burglary—Washington was preoccupied with allegations that the Central Intelligence Agency has abused its power. Two years after the Ervin (Watergate) Committee dominated Washington thought, the Church (CIA) Committee is about to take center stage. One year after Congress, through the House Judiciary Committee's impeachment hearings, contrived to look formidable, Congress looks demoralized.

■ On Sunday, June 15, Barry Goldwater, questioned on a network news show, mused that Nelson Rockefeller would make a crackerjack Secretary of State—thereby nominating him to replace the irreplaceable Dr. Kissinger. On Monday Gerald Ford said he wants Rockefeller on the ticket. To be precise, he said through his press secretary: "The President will be for Nelson Rockefeller for the nomination. The delegates will make the decision." This is believed to be the first time a President has picked his running mate before announcing his own candidacy.

■ Representative Morris Udall (D., Ariz.) has not just joined the pack of Democratic presidential candidates mugging George Wallace. Udall has decided to make anti-Wallaceism a central theme of his campaign. Udall links Wallace with Ronald Reagan as "twin practitioners of negativism." This accords with Udall's strategy—borrowed from the McGovern campaign of 1972—of counting heavily on winning the primary in liberal Wisconsin. The plight of Democratic liberals is dramatized by a Udall mailing. It is a reproduction of an article from the *Wisconsin State Journal* (Madison), the headline of which is: "State Democrat Leaders Prefer Kennedy." Why, you wonder, does Udall want to spread that story? Because the second paragraph reads: "If Kennedy stays out of the race—as he insists he will—Representative Morris Udall is the front runner by a fairly large margin, with the support of many who would prefer Kennedy." The crack Udall machine is still getting the gears polished—if that is what one does with gears. The lucky newsmen who are on the Udall campaign mailing list recently received this notification: "On page 8 of Mo Udall's speech to the Communications Workers of America (San Diego, June 12) there is a typographical error. In the fourth paragraph, fourth line the word 'helpful' should read 'helpless.' "

■ There will be a semi-regional primary in New England, a week after the New Hampshire primary. The states: Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont. So what? So, here comes George ("As Massachusetts Goes, So Goes the District of Columbia") McGovern. Some observers believe McGovern will plunge into the race in the hope that he can start fast with a victory based on Massachusetts' vote. There is an outside possibility that there will be a Southern regional primary—simultaneous primaries in Georgia, Florida, Tennessee, Louisiana, the Carolinas—a big day for another George.

■ Senator Henry Jackson has been accused of embarrassing his colleagues by being beastly to a Communist. Nicolae Ceausescu, president of all the people of Rumania, dropped by the Senate the other day to explain why Rumania should be eligible for U.S. trade subsidies. Jackson minced no words in saying that Rumania was not eligible for subsidies until it permitted freer emigration. Senator Charles Percy, who was at the meeting, says he was "shocked" by Jackson's beastliness.

■ BRIEFS: Senator William Proxmire (D., Wis.) has given his "Golden Fleece of the Month" award to Congress. The award, symbolic of wastefulness above and beyond the call of government duty, recognizes these recent congressional achievements: the Senate has voted up to $10.2 million in additional staff for itself, following a $10-million move for more staff in the House. The Senate is building a new office building that already is planned to cost $37 million (78 per cent) more than the original $48-million price. The House almost certainly will follow the Senate example and build a $200-million building. Today the House is spending $1.3 million to automate its elevators. But it plans to retain elevator operators. . . . California Republicans still like Reagan, according to the respected Field Poll. If a primary were held there today, he would whip Ford 39 to 30 per cent. If Ford were not in the race, it would be Reagan 51, Rockefeller 16, Percy 11 per cent. . . . The boss is gaining on his help. Gerald Ford's approval rating (according to George Gallup) rose 11 per cent last month, to 51 per cent. Henry Kissinger's rating (according to Lou Harris) has declined 12 per cent to 56 per cent since March. —CATO

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the Communist-allied Socialist Party (it corresponds to the Marxist wings of, say, the Labor Party in Britain and the Social Democratic Party in Germany) from 9.8 to 12 per cent. The Communists are now the top party in Rome, Milan, Turin, Naples, Genoa, and Florence. These being regional elections, parliament is not affected directly; but it doesn't take much to topple an Italian government. One factor in the shift: as when France nearly elected a united front president last year, this was the first election in which 18-year-olds could vote.

■ Question: What regimes in Latin America are guilty of the imprisonment and possibly the torture of political prisoners? Answer (from anyone who has read anything recently): the right wing military dictatorships in Chile and Brazil. Weeell, but did you know (we're quoting the *Washington Post*) that there are an estimated 25,000 to 50,000 political prisoners in Cuba right now and that in the 16 years since he came to power Castro has refused permission to the International Red Cross and the Organization of American States to visit his prisons? There's been zilch coverage of that situation. Did you know, too (we're quoting from the Mexican magazine *Impacto* now), that when a group of Cuban exiles headed by Dr. Medrano, former head of *Prensa Libre* in Havana, went to Geneva last winter to protest against the treatment of political prisoners in Cuba to the United Nations Commission on Human Rights, the first thing that happened to the delegation was that it was placed under house arrest? Swiss police swooped down on them at the Hotel Metropole after having been informed by Cuban diplomats that Dr. Medrano and his companions were "political terrorists."

■ Notes of the week from the land of peace and socialism: Ukrainian historian Valentyn Moroz still hasn't told

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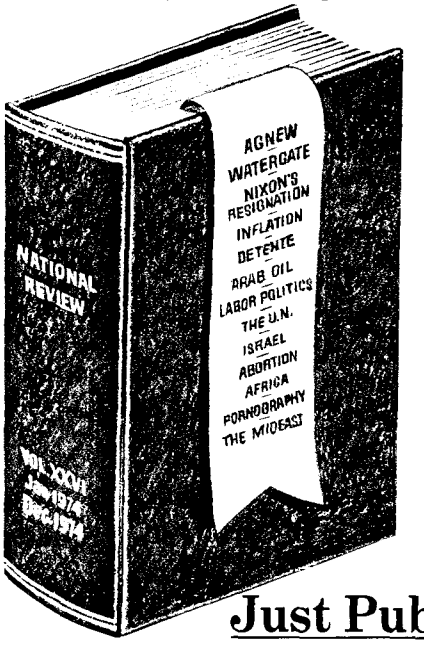

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Harvard whether he'll take the post offered him seven months ago. There is a reason for his silence: he is incarcerated at Vladimir Prison and now threatened with committal to a psychiatric hospital, according to the Committee for the Defense of Soviet Political Prisoners. Mathematician Leonid Plyushch, already in a psychiatric hospital, is starting to get insulin shock treatment. Biologist Vladimir Bukovsky refuses to do forced labor anymore, arguing that he is being held illegally.

■ A good way to follow what is going on in Portugal is to read, with appropriate interpretation, Wilfred Burchett's reports, in the *Guardian*. Having wrapped up Indochina to his satisfaction, the fellow-traveling Burchett has now turned his attention to Portugal, where he informs us that "Portugal's new leaders have been confronted most recently with a serious challenge from the country's social democrats, led by the Socialist Party (SP) of Cabinet Minister without Portfolio Mario Soares." The SP "is little more than a front for liberal bourgeoisie" whereas "the PCP [Portuguese Communist Party, led by Alvaro Cunhal] is completely behind the Armed Forces Movement [AFM] and has not blanched even when the Revolutionary Council states it does not intend to lead Portugal into the Soviet camp." About the Revolutionary Council itself, Burchett has few doubts. "I am convinced that the principal leaders of Portugal today—Prime Minister Gonçalves, Brigadier General Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho, who leads the military security forces, and Foreign Minister Melo Antunes, among other decisive figures in the AFM I have spoken with—have become dedicated revolutionaries." One week after those words were published, the AFM authorized renewed publication of the Socialists' paper, *Republica*, closed a fortnight earlier when the Communist printers tried to take over the editorial direction, and gave the keys initially to the Communist printers.

■ It seems that sex has penetrated the Iron Curtain. According to the Soviet journal *Nash Sovremennik*, the old Soviet puritanism is giving way to Western-style sexual permissiveness. Premarital relations, once a no-no, are now a general practice; one baby in ten is illegitimate (one in three in some areas); and divorce is skyrocketing with adultery given as a major reason. The result is a declining birth rate, family instability, and who knows, maybe the end of the Revolution.

■ Paris, France has once again shown its heels to the world, with a new system that allows the police to collect overdue parking fines directly out of the offenders' bank accounts.

■ Don't you worry whether Philadelphia will provide enough toilets to accommodate the crowds of bicentennial visitors next year. The matter *is* being dealt with, although the city fathers refuse to divulge the number or location of bicentennial biffies. "The city demanded complete silence, just no publicity," a spokesindividual reports. "It's politically very sensitive."

■ Meanwhile, a young man in San Francisco may have set a new trend toward nonviolent terrorism when he kidnapped 30,000 pairs of Levi Strauss jeans, accusing the company's owners of anti-Jewish activities.

Bullish on Ford

In his recent book, *Before the Fall*, William Safire quotes an Impeachable Source to the effect that politics is poetry, not prose. This aperçu has been thoroughly borne out by the shift in President Ford's political fortunes since the *Mayagüez* affair in May.

In strict logic, an objectively minor episode like the *Mayagüez* rescue has nothing to do with sustaining a veto on the strip mining bill or the jobs bill, or with minor pleasantries along the Suez Canal. In strict logic, no. *Post hoc* does not necessarily imply *propter hoc*. But, in the poetry of politics—yes. After *Mayagüez*, Mr. Ford's popularity in the polls jumped 11 per cent, to a post-Nixon-pardon high of 51 per cent. This, in turn, changed all sorts of things, all along the political line. (See also "Capital Issues.")

Six months ago, the new, liberal 94th Congress was feverish with expectation. Veto-proof. Full of new blood and new plans. Bliss it no doubt was in that dawn to be alive, but now—and we report this as fact—congressmen are beginning to say to one another that Wilbur Mills wasn't so bad at Ways and Means after all. In its high-noon shootouts with Ford, moreover, Congress has been doing poorly indeed.

In his encounters with this veto-proof Congress, President Ford enjoyed a margin of forty in the House vote upholding his farm bill veto; his strip mining and jobs bill vetoes were sustained; and a House-approved housing bill ($1.35 billion) faces a certain veto with no possibility of an override. On energy, Ford has the initiative; Congress labored but gave birth to nothing. At least Ford has a policy. On defense, the liberal anti-military bloc got nowhere. And these vetoes will continue, making Ford look more presidential, the Democratic-controlled Congress ever more faction-ridden and helpless. This disarray is compounded by the murky and apparently intractable situation regarding the 1976 Democratic nomination.

The dynamics of all this puts a good deal of pressure on the prospective or potential Reagan candidacy. Numerous substantive issues of course remain. Though Ford is generally perceived as less of a big spender than Congress, discontent with the size of his prospective deficit remains widespread. Children continue to be bused, against all reason and logic, and without a peep from the White House. The middle class is being taxed to the hilt for assorted boondoggles. Ford has done nothing to puncture the illusion of detente. But each increment of political specific gravity to Ford is also an incremental loss to Reagan.

The Administration has also been giving out various signals that Vice President Rockefeller's job may not

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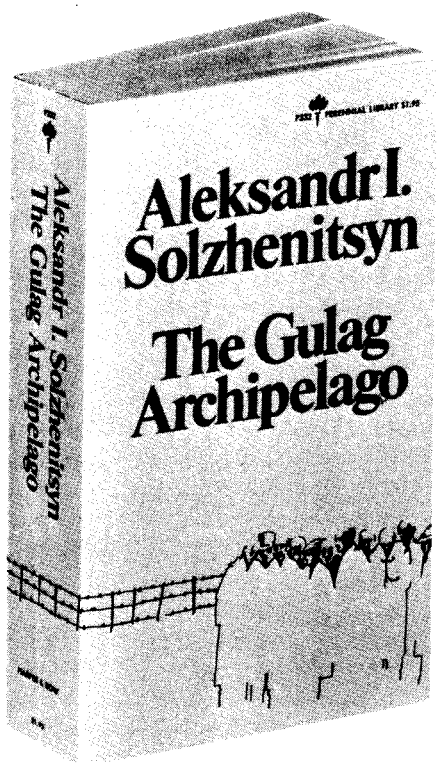

About *The Gulag Archipelago* . . .

Solzhenitsyn's masterful denunciation of the Soviet prison system is sure to be one of the most important and widely-read books of this generation. Even if you just skip through it (not too likely, once you start) you'll get an awful lot out of it. And, of course, in this handy pocket edition it's the ideal book to take on your summer vacation—one of the most fascinating books you'll ever read! *The Gulag Archipelago* is a work of fact, not fiction. Solzhenitsyn brings to life, for the world to judge, the inhuman mental and physical tortures that were day-to-day realities in the Russian slave labor camps. Already famous for his novels of Russian oppression (*The First Circle, Cancer Ward, One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*), Solzhenitsyn reaches the pinnacle of his career in *The Gulag Archipelago*. Writing from the depths of his experience (Solzhenitsyn himself was once condemned to the Archipelago, i.e. the Soviet prison system), he has crafted a vast, horrifying account of sudden arrests often for no reason, interrogations, and the unbelievable extent to which the secret police penetrates everyday life—a world where anyone could be an informer, where a neighbor disappears overnight, never to be seen or heard from again. *The Gulag Archipelago* belongs on the bookshelf of all concerned Americans; it is fully indexed and contains a valuable glossary of Russian names and institutions.

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include a guarantee of tenure, despite high praise for his performance by Ford. These signals amount, almost, to lèse majesté. They intend to convey the message that while the presidential nomination is closed, Rockefeller might still be thrown off the back of the sleigh.

On the negative side for Ford, as of now: the still rudimentary character of his campaign organization, uncertainties about the economy (car sales and housing seem likely to lag), and his silence on key issues, especially in the "social issue" area. But unless Reagan is in the race by this fall, most tacticians consider, he will not really be in it at all, whatever he may later decide.

Strategic Changes in Busing

Much has been heard lately about the anti-busing organization ROAR (Restore Our Alienated Rights), which has its roots in the Boston busing blitzkrieg but has now gone national. As the proponents of busing in Massachusetts turn outward from Boston proper, however, and cast an appraising eye on the surrounding suburbs, they will meet quieter opposition, but perhaps also tougher and more sophisticated opposition, than they have previously had to deal with. In places like Dedham, Belmont, Winchester, and Hingham, middle class anti-busing organizations are mobilizing; their leadership is well-educated and often from the professional class. At this social level, especially in local and in state politics, people are accustomed to exercising leverage. It will not be easy for the busing forces to dismiss them as bigots or primitives.

The *Boston Herald Advertiser* devoted a lengthy Sunday feature to the growing suburban anti-busing militancy. As the stylistic touches in the following quotations suggest, this is an anti-busing constituency of a different character from those in South Boston and other ethnic neighborhoods.

"Tall, slim, energetic Natalie Hunt thinks Belmont is the ideal town in which to bring up her three children. But if metropolitanization ever goes into effect there, she says she'll sell her house, take her three daughters, and move to Canada."

" 'I'm not a banner waver,' says Carol Deastlov of Belmont, a former nurse who is now the mother of three lively boys. . . . 'When we bought our house, one of the major considerations was its proximity to schools and church. To own a home in one neighborhood and be forced to send the children to school in another is against my principles.' "

"Are these the demonstrators, the protest marchers . . .? Not at all. They're members of the fast-growing anti-busing groups that are forming in some of Boston's affluent, upper-income suburbs. Hard-working. Dead-serious. But low-key. . . . They are parents who think that metropolitanization is around the corner, about to strike. Some wear their anti-busing buttons prominently on their expensive Pucci pantsuits, or, like Natalie Hunt, pin them on the thin strap of a chic dinner dress. The men wear them on their Brooks Brothers suits . . . And there is a close liaison among the groups of various towns. . . . 'We call key persons, relay information about meetings, new bills, and legislation,' says Terry Ginwala, chairperson of the Belmont Citizens Against Forced Busing of Schoolchildren. She's a striking, sophisticated blonde in her early forties who teaches nursing in a master's program and dresses like someone on the cover of *Harper's Bazaar*. . . . 'I know I wouldn't allow my children to go into the inner city, I won't go in myself,' she says crisply."

In the suburbs around Boston, the busers and their media flacks will be facing an opposition rather different from the kind they met in the pin-curler league.

Meanwhile, despite the continued legal momentum enjoyed by busing, it has suffered serious lesions at the theoretical level. In 1966, the Coleman Report, undertaken for the U.S. Office of Education, provided the rationale for the mass busing of the next ten years. Coleman thought that integrated education does under certain conditions benefit lower class black students. He still thinks so, but he thinks busing is a disaster. In an April speech before the Educational Research Association, and in recent interviews, he has argued that busing produces re-segregation through white flight; America's largest cities are becoming more rigidly segregated than before through the effects of busing. Anyway, says Coleman, the lower class child really benefits from a middle class school environment only when the middle class ethos predominates. Busing large numbers of lower class children merely transforms the ethos of the school and defeats the whole purpose. It would have been nice if he had made all that clearer ten years ago.

Some surprising shifts are also taking place among the politicians. New York's Representative Shirley Chisholm has been expressing doubts about busing, as have other

The North Wind Doth Blow

The North Sea, where the Germans sallied forth
(A sea the British used to label "ours"),
Is threatened by surveillance from the north
As, every day, the situation sours.
This isn't one of England's finest hours:
Their oil rigs are a set-up for a sub.
Though satellites fly by and radar scours,
The British fleet's a shambles; there's the rub.
The Royal Navy's mobilized one tub,
While London puts its money on detente.
It's telly, tea, or dart-time in a pub;
Who worries over what the Russians want?
It doesn't take an Arthur Conan Doyle.
It's *elementary*. It's all that oil.

W. H. von Dreele

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members of the congressional Black Caucus. Mayor Kevin White of Boston is beginning to listen to a different drummer. His transitional position goes as follows: "I am for integration and I am against forced busing. And they are not mutually exclusive." (The ladies in the suburbs better look out for White's helicopters.) In New York's big Municipal Workers' Union, one-third black or Puerto Rican, 63 per cent oppose busing.

Nationwide, busing is favored by 4 per cent of the whites and 9 per cent of the blacks. It is therefore just —just—possible that the liberal politicians are going to start getting the message.

We're All Socialists Now

The revival of "economic planning" as a euphemism for piecemeal socialism fits right into the popular nostalgia scene. The slogans are leftovers from the Roosevelt regime, as are many of the senior citizens who are actively supporting the revival. It is all so old fashioned that it might be merely charming if Senators Humphrey and Javits hadn't actually introduced the Balanced Growth and Economic Planning Act (S-1795). The bill was drafted by the Initiative Committee for National Economic Planning (see "Who Gets What" in "The Week," *NR*, March 28), and was co-sponsored by Senators Jackson and McGovern, among others.

The rationale for the bill is the casual assumption that recession and inflation "have both revealed basic structural deficiencies" in the *private* economy. A major complaint within the bill is that "no single government agency is responsible for acquiring a current detailed view of the national economy." The key word here is single, since such information is now available in overwhelming detail from the Council of Economic Advisors, Treasury, Commerce, Federal Reserve, Bureau of Labor Statistics, Office of Management and Budget, Joint Economic Committee, and the House and Senate Committees on the Budget—among others. None of these bureaucratic monstrosities is to be replaced or diminished by the new agency, so the bill might best be titled the Economists' Relief Act of 1975.

Wording of the bill is so vague as to be unintelligible. It is essentially just a grant of wide discretionary authority to about 500 more bureaucrats. The planning board is to establish unspecified objectives for an uncertain period, paying "particular attention" to everything from "an equitable distribution of income" to "stable international relations." The board is then to recommend legislative or administrative actions with respect to any policy with any "economic significance"—such as "credit needs" and "changes in industrial structure." Finally, the executive branch is to "encourage state and local governments and the private sector to carry out their programs and activities in such a manner as to further the objectives of the plan."

Myron Sharpe, the editor of *Challenge* magazine, has been a prominent evangelist in this planning revival. He wants to "encourage" conformity to the plan through "tax incentives and penalties; capital and credit allocation; laws requiring or prohibiting definite actions," and wage-price controls. Six-year plans are to be issued every two years, presumably with abrupt changes when the Administration changes hands. Sharpe acknowledges that planning has been a farce even in its relatively mild forms in France and Japan. Like the unicorn, Sharpe's "effective planning agency" is an animal with great potential but poor visibility.

"The planners are right in saying that government decision-making is unplanned, shortsighted, and uncoordinated," says Herb Stein, former head of the Council of Economic Advisors. "They are wrong in concluding that the remedy is for the government to make more decisions. If the planners have anything to tell us, they should tell us how the government can do better in making the decisions government has to make, rather than seeking to force the government into making (badly) more decisions it doesn't have to make."

Punch Rothco

"Wish I had YOUR ploy when stuck—fly back to the White House for instructions."

Three Cheers for the F-16

We know it's bad form this year to say anything cheerful or positive about the United States, but we confess to being pleased no end by the newest American bird, the already fabulous supersonic F-16. The F-16, we hope you have noticed, is the latest fighter aircraft, developed by General Dynamics with engine by United Technology's Pratt & Whitney division, prototypes of which took to the air a few months back. In May the Joint Chiefs of Staff decided the F-16 was just what the U.S. Air Force needed, and put in a whopping order. That was fine for General Dynamics, United Technology, the thou-

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sands of component suppliers and their hundreds of thousands of employees, and also, we feel, for the country's defense. But there was even better, and in our view more significant, news to come.

Belgium, the Netherlands, Denmark, and Norway, acting as a consortium, had decided to buy a new generation of fighters to replace their aging F-104s. Sweden had a minor candidate model, and France had gone all out with a new version (the F1E) of its famous Mirage family, pressuring the consortium almost to the point of political blackmail. The French declared that choosing the American entry would be a betrayal of Europe and a fatal blow to the creation of a European aircraft industry (by which Paris means "a French industry"). The French-speaking half of the Belgian population threatened to overthrow the government if it bought American. The consortium countries would in any case have preferred to have their military aircraft come from their own side of the Atlantic. The European media, like our own, were full of gloom and doom, and often scorn, about America, with its Watergates and Vietnams and CIAs. The sizable percentage of leftists in the populations of the purchasing countries have long been professionally anti-American. Buying American might add still more foreign payments problems to those brought by the OPEC ripoff.

Everything was stacked against the F-16, that is to say, except the F-16. It was so manifestly and so undeniably better—and cheaper in the bargain—than its rivals that in the final crunch the responsible political and military leaders of the four countries could not have chosen otherwise. At the Paris Air Show in early June, just before the choosing day in Brussels, the F-16 flew rings around every other plane. No observers could disagree with *Aviation Week*'s headline: "U.S. TECHNOLOGY DOMINATES PARIS SHOW."

The consortium's initial order is for 348 aircraft at a cost of something over $2 billion. This number will almost surely be increased later, and will lead to purchases by other NATO countries—thus achieving a considerable and desirable standardization of a key NATO weapons system—and to such other countries as Iran, which has already indicated interest in 350. These orders, combined with those already given by the U.S. Air Force, while bringing down the unit price, will constitute what is being called the deal of the century—the largest military procurement program in history for a single weapons system. Under the Brussels agreement, a substantial percentage of the production will be done in Europe, not only for the aircraft to be supplied to the present consortium but for those ordered subsequently and even for those going to the U.S. Air Force. Thus, this deal of the century is not being allowed to act as a festering source of jealous rivalry between Europe and America but will become a means for linking Western Europe and America in a dynamic joint enterprise.

Not everyone realizes that the development and production of a major military aircraft system, with its fantastic avionics equipment and its new types of incredible armament, is a major social undertaking. It incorporates—and stimulates—the most advanced scientific discoveries and technological processes. A vast number of diverse and diversely skilled human beings, machines, instruments, materials, laboratories, factories, means of transport and communication, extending over the entire nation and much of the world, must be integrated into a single, organically unified organization in pursuit of the given objective. And in our country, the men and women who are the blood and muscles and brains of this organization are brought together by their own free choice, not by the coercive command of a secret police. The F-16's triumph proves that our country continues to be, as it has been, the best in this remarkable mode of social achievement. We have the right to be happy and proud thereof.

Azorean Hopes and Sorrows

The Azores are a group of nine attractive islands out in the Atlantic, 1,000 miles west of Europe and 2,000 miles east of America. They have 350,000 inhabitants and a rather primitive economic base, mostly in agriculture and fishing, with an assist from minor tourism, remittances from emigrants (many of them become U.S. citizens), and the monetary fallout from a U.S. Air Force and Naval base at Lajes Field on Terceira Island. The Azores have been ruled by Portugal since the fifteenth century, but their relations with Lisbon, like their geography, have not been particularly close. The Azorean emigrants have mostly gone to the United States: in fact, many more persons of Azorean descent live in the U.S. than in the islands.

Politically, the Azoreans have always been lethargic. But on at least one point they have a firm opinion: they don't want to have anything to do with Communism or Communists. They have therefore been dismayed by the galloping Communization of metropolitan Portugal. Guided by the myriad examples from the generation just past, this has led a rapidly expanding number of Azoreans to wish to break away from the mainland and set out for themselves on a free and independent course. This wish has been father to the formation of a political organization dedicated to the achievement of Azorean independence. In the April 25 election the Azoreans, as the best means under the circumstances for expressing their opposition to Marxism, cast virtually no votes for either the Communists or the Socialists, and gave an overwhelming majority to the liberal Popular Democratic Party.

On June 9 a considerable company of Azoreans demonstrated on the island of São Miguel against Lisbon's AFM-Communist policies and against the leftist Lisbon-appointed Azores governor, Borges Coutinho. The demonstrators temporarily took over the airport, radio station, and other installations. Coutinho resigned and retreated to Lisbon. During the affair five NATO

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warships, following NATO maneuvers in the region, docked in São Miguel harbor. Sailors who went ashore were given leaflets reading: "Help us. We want to be free."

And why, pray, should they not be free? Doesn't the right to self-determination, so solemnly pledged in the United Nations, apply to Azoreans? The Azores island group is geographically distinct, the population is greater than that of 11 nations presently members of the UN. Are Azoreans required to submit to a dictatorship they abhor? What has happened to all the champions of the host of Liberation Movements that have risen up in a hundred lands to cast off the yoke of colonialism and tyranny and dictatorship? Why does the Azores Liberation Front get not the tiniest notice in the media that have headlined a thousand African and Asian fronts? Where is the World Council of Churches, that does not overlook even the least of the African Freedom Fighters?

Let's not be silly. The Azoreans want liberation *from* Marxism. As we all know, that is forbidden by the Brezhnev Doctrine.

Washington Press: The Good News and the Bad

A fortnight ago, Charles Seib, identified as an "internal ombudsman" at the *Washington Post,* took the *Post* to task for its news story on George Wallace's interview with foreign reporters in Alabama last March. Did Wallace in fact say that the United States would have been better off siding with the Axis powers in World War II? The *Washington Post* (May 8) news story certainly indicated so (headline: "WALLACE RAPS WORLD WAR II ALLIANCE/PREFERRED JAPAN"). This was reprehensible journalism, said Seib, because while the *Post* did not actually misquote Wallace, it did stitch together two statements separated by 48 pages in the original text, to give an erroneous impression which was immediately picked up by the other news media and by Democratic rivals and enemies of Wallace. The *Post*, while disagreeing with Seib's analysis, printed it.

A week later, on June 13, the *Post* carried an editorial criticizing itself for its opposition to the nomination of brewer Joseph Coors to the Corporation for Public Broadcasting. We were all wet, said the editors in effect, "we simply failed to read the law and the precedent accurately and in so doing we raised an issue in Mr. Coors's case that is not material by current standards to the question of his qualifications for [the CPB] post." An apology and a straightening of the record.

Three days later (who says the age of miracles is dead?) Seib weighed in again. This time he took the *Washington Post* and the *Los Angeles Times* to task for publishing an internationally combustible story by *LA Times* reporter George McArthur (datelined Hong Kong) about massive U.S. air raids in Vietnam during the final days before the evacuation. These raids were of such sensitivity and magnitude, the news stories said, that "they almost certainly were cleared by President Ford. They were conducted . . . despite congressional strictures against military action." McArthur cited unnamed "authoritative sources." When the *Post* checked the story with the White House and the Pentagon, it was denied by presidential press secretary Ron Nessen and by Assistant Defense Secretary Joseph Laitin. The denials which, Seib says, "were flat and unequivocal, were reported parenthetically starting at the fifth paragraph" in the *Post*. That was on June 8. Since then, Seib concludes, "Neither paper has published a followup on the story. Further, there is no evidence that their reporters are hard at work on one. So at this writing the questions stand: Did we give Vietnam one final pasting? Is official Washington trying another massive coverup? Did someone in the field pull a fast one on his superiors? Or,

"The Committee must probe much deeper . . ."—*Sen. Church*

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heaven forbid, did the *Post* and the *Los Angeles Times* bite on a sour one?"

So much for the liberal and often distrusted *Washington Post*, which seems from this evidence on a genuine program of autocriticism. On to the other Washington paper, the afternoon *Washington Star*, the paper that it was hoped would give conservatives in the Capital a non-*Post*ian look at the world when it was taken over six months or so ago by Texas millionaire Joe Allbritton.

At the time, we wrote (Daniel Oliver's "At Home," *NR Bulletin*, Aug. 9, 1974): "There are, one supposes, at least two ways to compete with the *Post*. One is to be different, i.e., conservative; and the other is to try to beat the *Post* at its own game." The answer to that one has now come in loud and clear. Mr. Allbritton's new editor, James G. Bellows, has just announced a "writer in residence" program for the *Star* that "will bring some of the country's leading authors, writers, and journalists to Washington as featured columnists for periods of up to two months. The aim of the program . . . is to give *Star* readers the kind of fresh viewpoint on Washington affairs that can best be provided by observers who are not based here permanently."

And who is the writer in residence at present? Jimmy Breslin (*How the Good Guys Finally Won*, on Watergate). And who will follow him? Why, Dick Schaap, NBC sports commentator and a founding member of the liberal *New York* and *New Times* magazines. And what other writers have "expressed an interest in the program"? You can name them as well as we can: Norman Mailer, Gay Talese, Gloria Steinem, Jane O'Reilly, David Halberstam, Gore Vidal; and Tom Wolfe, who is not political. So much for a "fresh viewpont" in Washington.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

The enclosed may amuse you—one of a series of programs for the Home Service. Yours,

Robert Conquest
London

No one invited to do a words program can be expected to resist temptation and not start off with a denunciation of his favorite horrors. The usage that sets *my* teeth on edge most of all is that of "cohorts" in the sense of "accomplices" or "supporters." For example: "Shelepin and his cohorts are intriguing against Brezhnev." How did this dreadful thing arise? There are perfectly adequate words already. The Oxford English Dictionary doesn't admit the usage. Even the American Webster didn't use to, though I see it has now crept in.

Indira on the Ropes

In India, where Hindu ropes
Amaze the crowds and fool the dopes,
Indira got the word that she's
Been fooling the majorities.
"Corrupt" is what the judges say.
Although her lawyers got a stay,
There's darkness in her horoscope.
Is this goodbye? (I hope, I hope.)

W. H. von Dreele

People seem to have thought that the "co" bit indicated doing something together. What they thought "hort" was, isn't clear—making gardens perhaps? Anyway, when Byron writes of the Assyrians and says that "their cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold," he'd now be understood to mean that they themselves were probably dressed in a very sober manner and only their stooges were so richly attired. Of course "cohort" can only mean, in however figurative a sense, the equivalent of "regiment" or "battalion."

There are others almost as bad as cohort: "pressurize" for example. I did note Clive James the other day speaking of someone "pressuring" people. "Pressuring" itself is newish, and not every purist would like it. Still, there are many precedents for these verbs created from nouns. But "pressurize" was a technical term which came into existence with quite a different meaning, as "maintaining a cabin or other structure at a higher atmospheric pressure than that outside." There is an old science fiction rhyme: "In Xanadu did Kubla Khan a stately pressure dome decree." . . .

In the second type [of jargon-slinging], technical terms, or terms which appear to be technical, are invented to give an air of authority. For example, the introduction to the *Penguin Book of Modern Verse Translation* speaks of a particular translation being "explicitly directed towards Homer's *survivance*." This sort of thing seems largely due to an attempt to cash in on the prestige of the rigorous sciences, by an appearance of similar exactitude. Sometimes, though, it is the importance of one's job or oneself that seems to arise. A recent example I noticed was at a North London school, where the man showing visitors the children's "projects" had a button identifying himself as "Media Resources Officer."

Of course, one does have to concede, however reluctantly, that one man's normal usage may appear to another as jargon. Many of us have an affection for words that others might regard as unbearably recondite or affected. But one can distinguish, at least, between such usages and those which are simply illiterate or incorrect. Above all, the man who uses the truly jargon word can be pretty certainly relied on also to construct a vile syntax, if any. The man who has an addiction to the odd "strange" word may yet write pure and easy

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English otherwise. When I spoke of the high incidence of horror in American writing, I should have noted that there are splendid exceptions—exceptions, what is more, that are welcome and valued in America itself. For example, the vigorous journalism of NATIONAL REVIEW, which it has, moreover, largely succeeded in imposing on its contributors, is a heartening sign, and is not really made less acceptable by its occasional pleasure in words such as "eleemosynary."

■ MEMO TO: Bill
FROM: Priscilla

Might these letters which came in the morning mail be a target of opportunity for an N&A on the demands our readers put on us? One lovely gentleman tells us that some years back (how many he doesn't say) he made a practice of reading all books about conservatism written by *NR* writers and recommended to him by whoever was the poor overworked editorial assistant of the period. From this reading he plucked a nugget—a brief, pithy definition of conservatism that he duplicated and scattered among the faithful. Alas, he scattered one too many copies—his own original—so would we please go back over the books published in those—still nameless —years, and pluck from them the very quotation he seeks (he gives no clue at all—even approximate length —of what it is), and send it along to him so that he can again start Xeroxing it and distributing it to his friends. The second letter asks us please to help find a publisher for a book. A third wants your advice on how to get a job in the "communications field" but gives no pertinent information about schooling, job record, age, anything else. Another half-dozen would like us please to write their term papers for them (which last we could do but mostly choose not to, none of our current editorial hands being *that* young or inexperienced).

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I see that someone has complained of the "face of capitalism" you present. Well, some surgery is recommended. You could find some Bowery wino willing to donate a huge hooked nose, and fat, puffy, ethnic lips to make your thin-lipped patrician face more "relevant," more acceptable to minorities. For skin color, I suggest one of those indoor tanning agents which will leave you with a yellow-green cast. And for the head, perhaps you could shave it like Kojak. But if your head is too misshapen and perverse (and having read your columns, I suspect that it is), you can wear a red-tinted Afro wig. You can get one free by presenting an old CIA ID card to the ladies of the CIA Wardrobe Department in Langley.

To give your image true relevance, I further suggest that you pose, when interviewing interviewees, with a cigarette shaped just like a marijuana cigarette (a "joint" in the vernacular). When you pretend to smoke the cigarette, take deep breaths and hold them. Thus random leftist viewers will be exposed to a facet of William Buckley hitherto confined only to yachts outside the three-mile limit. You will win new friends and surely will influence people. What the hell. You're never going to run for President anyway, are you? Sincerely,

Edward Meadows
Famous Demagogues' School
"We're looking for people who want to be right"
Westport, Conn.

■ Mr. Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn will make his 25th annual triumphal lecture tour of America this October and November. Mr. K-L, an authority on all subjects, is of course our Austrian correspondent, a well known author, journalist, and lecturer. Inquiries should be addressed to him at: Lans, Tyrol, Austria.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Although not much of an intellectual, I enjoy (when I can understand it) your magazine.

I am almost 13 years old, and I am a stout conservative by heredity.

I enjoy writing short stories and poetry, and I'm pretty good at it. Enclosed is one of my latest poems that my mother suggested I send to *NR*.

Cordially,
Peter Martin Junker
4853 Calle Del Medio
Phoenix, Arizona

PRELUDE TO RED
By Peter Junker

Chairman Mao, Chairman Mao,
What will happen now?
For near a generation,
You've been building a new nation.
  Forsooth!
When will they know the truth,
  Chairman Mao?

Chou En-lai, Chou En-lai,
You've been seated upon high.
Did you conquer half the world
Just to see your flag unfurled?
  Behold!
Do you have a heart of gold
  Chou En-lai?

Chairman Mao, Chairman Mao,
Your people toil behind the plow,
Yet in an instant they will bow
Before a photograph of thou.
  Alas!
You don't take no sass,
  Chairman Mao!

Dear Peter: Odds bodkins! I greet you at the beginning of a great career. Cordially, **—WFB**

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Capital Issues

GEORGE F. WILL

Early Peak

REGARDING 1976, perhaps Gerald Ford has peaked a little early. But life must look sweet from his current peak. He got there with a boost from the Cambodian Communists, who stole a country and a boat. No one blamed Mr. Ford for the former, and Mr. Ford looked convincingly presidential in response to the latter. But Mr. Ford, the man from Congress, owes his current position primarily to Congress.

The 94th Congress arrived here six months ago on an unprecedented wave of adulatory publicity. It was—so it and its flacks said—going to plow under the Imperial Presidency and establish Congressional Government, the special grace of which would come from the scores of freshman Democrats in the House of Representatives.

But in recent weeks Congress has failed three tests it set for itself.

Congress was going to rescue the nation's economy from Mr. Ford's "inhumane" concern with inflation. It was going to treat unemployment as the priority problem. To that end it ginned up a $6-billion bill to put 900,000 people on public payrolls. Mr. Ford vetoed it, and Congress failed to override.

Congress was going to codify in laws the trendy environmentalism which appeals to an intense minority of its constituents. To that end it passed a tough law restricting strip mining. Again, Mr. Ford vetoed, Congress failed to override.

The third and most intense humiliation for Congress came when the House gutted the energy bill prepared by Representative Al Ullman (D., Ore.), new chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. Back at the Dawn of the New Era—in January—Mr. Ullman deposed Representative Wilbur Mills, and immediately became a symbol of Congress' new seriousness. But his bill arrived on the floor with a steep gasoline tax and left with that and all other teeth pulled. It may be that Mr. Ullman's bill deserved its fate, but that is not the point. The point is that three months ago, when the Democrats voted to suspend Mr. Ford's first tax on imported crude, they denied that this was just typical congressional negativism, or just additional and redundant evidence that Congress lacks the nerve to inflict pain on the American public. They said: Give us three months. Then we will have a tough energy program of our own. They made energy the test of their ability to formulate coherent policy. Having turned the spotlight on themselves, they skidded badly on the banana peel they had tossed three months down their road.

Sure, the long-term political importance of Mr. Ford's current run of good fortune is uncertain. The perception that Mr. Ford is up and Congress is down is, although accurate, largely a Washington perception. And the idea that an incumbent President can successfully seek election by running against a Congress controlled by the other party is a durable myth deriving from a misinterpretation of the campaign of another accidental President. Harry Truman did flog the "do-nothing 80th Congress" from sea to shining sea, but he would have lost had there not been some fortuitous economic developments late in the campaign, or if his opponent had not worn a mustache.

Business Week, which wishes Mr. Ford well, sees his problem this way:

> Now his Administration is preparing a domestic package that seeks to bolster his '76 candidacy with such diffuse issues as a strong defense posture, a tough anticrime program, a drive to aid business through tax reforms that assist in capital formation, and moves that would curtail government regulation of industry.
>
> That means that, despite his serious split with conservatives, Ford at this point is running on little more than his basic conservatism. To complicate matters further, many of Ford's deeply felt convictions center on unabashedly pro-business stances that may be deflected by his political opponents into potent anti-consumer positions.

But there are two questions to be asked. Will Mr. Ford's obvious and steady conservatism give him strength in November 1976? And will it protect him in March 1976—primary season?

The episodes that have established Mr. Ford's current ascendancy—the tiffs with Cambodian Communists and congressional Democrats—have strengthened the conservative definition of his Presidency. Inevitably—if, perhaps, unfairly—this makes Ronald Reagan's interest in challenging Mr. Ford seem less like a matter of principle than a matter of orthodox ambition.

Mr. Ford's potential "November" strength may derive from precisely what worries *Business Week*—his conservatism. This is not only because the nation's natural conservatism will make it reluctant to have three Presidents in less than three years. It also is because the nation is in a funny mood—one that, by whatever name, is conservative.

IT IS TRUE that only 13 per cent of the electorate will admit Republican allegiance. But that may not mean much these days. The three most important governorships—those of New York, Illinois, and California—are held by Democrats, Hugh Carey, Dan Walker, and Edmund Brown, respectively. Carey has shut off the money tap, leaving New York City in semi-receivership. Regarding spending proposals, he says: "The days of wine and roses are over." Walker says: "More often than not, it is better for government to stay out." To help the government of Illinois to stay out of lots of things, he has asked the state legislature to slice 6 per cent from his own budget. Brown has been called a "recycled Reagan": he has even cut the University of California's budget, not to mention his own salary. Asked if he would like to be President, he said: "Are you kidding? Just being governor is a pain in the ass." And of his approach to government, he says: "Action has been the catchword. But people feel things are being done to them, not for them. Sometimes nonaction is better. Sometimes we need fewer programs, less planning, more space to live our lives."

Mr. Ford will get a fair hearing from the electorate that is making such men governors. □

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Too Much Intelligence

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

THERE'S NO DOUBT about it: hubris does come before a fall. I would have boasted myself one of the last persons on earth who could have been snowed by CIA. And I've just learned that those rascals hornswoggled me as neatly as if I'd been a college president. They had me so thoroughly convinced that Victor Marchetti is a no-account, sorehead, publicity-seeking, anti-American, leftist, double-agent, fellow-traveling boob that I dismissed from consideration anything he might write about CIA without feeling the need to read a word of it. I almost wept for the poor old Agency as it struggled through court after court to prevent him from bringing the nation down in ruins by revealing those Eyes and Ears Only Super Secrets he had managed to scrounge out of Langley headquarters while infiltrating our intelligence community disguised as a trusted employee.

So the matter rested until ten days ago, when I happened to notice, outside the door of a local stationer's shop, a wire basket marked "OVERSTOCK—40 per cent off," in which a hardcover copy of *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence*, by Victor Marchetti and John D. Marks, topped a motley array of literary wallflowers. Having just cashed my tax rebate check, I felt the purchase would help discharge my duty to the economy.

I can't say that Marchetti has become my favorite guru or that his prose style, even with Marks's editorial assist, is a rival to Swift's. As a matter of fact, a considerable amount of the prose is missing by order of the Court, and is represented only by 168 empty spaces headed DELETE. (CIA demanded suppression of 339 passages. The Court, on what differentiating basis an outsider knoweth not, authorized the use of 171, which are printed in boldface type.) At the beginning and the end, there is a certain amount of the pietistic drivel to which CIA-baiters are prone. Nevertheless, this book seems to me the best I have read about the CIA and its role within the larger "intelligence community." Marchetti is not sensation-mongering in the *Ramparts/New York Times* manner; he is not trying, like Philip Agee, to wreck the U.S. intelligence system; he praises many of CIA's achievements. His book is pedestrian, but sober, informed, and serious.

Publicity about CIA has obscured the fact that it is only one sector, and not the largest sector, of the U.S. intelligence community. Besides CIA, this includes: National Security Agency; Defense Intelligence Agency; separate Army, Navy, and Air Force intelligence arms; the State Department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research; the FBI's Internal Security Division; the Atomic Energy Commission's Division of Intelligence; the Treasury Department's Intelligence Division; innumerable boards and commissions, and sundry units in such departments as Agriculture and Labor.

A Case of Elephantiasis

Concerning not merely CIA but this vaster complex, Marchetti's book reinforces a number of my beliefs:

1. The U.S. intelligence apparatus suffers from acute elephantiasis. Its innumerable bureaucratic protuberances overlap and conflict with each other.

2. In U.S. intelligence, quantity rules over quality. There is too much intelligence. No one can assimilate the mass of data, which saturates rather than illumines the mind.

3. There is no serious attempt to evaluate the performance of institutions, officials, staff members, or mechanisms.

4. There is no serious attempt to apply any meaningful cost-efficiency criteria to intelligence operations. It seems *prima facie* ridiculous that NSA, for example, monitors, translates, publishes, and rather widely distributes all foreign broadcasts. Why not scientifically structured samples? Even if, once in a thousand moons, there would be a critical item omitted from the sample, it would probably have escaped notice *because* of its immersion in the mass.

5. Parkinsonian tendencies—Marchetti gives specific examples—affect the intelligence agencies. When a new technical device comes into existence—an advanced satellite, say, or a new bugging gadget—it stimulates an irresistible impulse to use it, even though it may not be at all clear how its use—which may cost many millions—will serve intelligence objectives. Similarly, the fact that a covert action (dirty trick) section exists in CIA creates an inevitable wish to assign it missions even if it is not clear how those missions serve the national interest.

6. As in all bureaucratic environments, operations once set into motion tend to go on forever, without reference to changes that may have made them obsolete. The very expensive U-2 and SR-71 overflights, for example, continue long after their tasks can be performed by the spy satellites.

7. The co-presence of a covert action branch and an intelligence branch in the same organization, as is the case in CIA, inevitably means that intelligence analysis will be adapted to justify the covert action. Prior to the Bay of Pigs, the intelligence estimates kept insisting that the Cuban people would rise en masse against Castro if given a chance, not because this was true but because it was necessary to the rationale of the anti-Castro expedition. (This problem of the conflict-of-interest relation between intelligence and covert action in CIA was dutifully fudged by the Rockefeller Commission, accepting the standard CIA obfuscations.)

How (Top Secret) To Save $3 Billion

8. There is no real reason why many of the covert actions should be covert, especially when, as in the case of most of them, everyone interested knows who is involved anyway.

9. A sensible reorganization of U.S. intelligence activities would surely save half of the current $6 billion-plus that they cost annually, with a probable increase in their effectiveness.

Interestingly enough, although intelligence operations have been a favorite topic of public debate for years, no President and no members of Congress ever discuss such matters as I have listed. The Rockefeller Commission did not. There is no indication so far that the congressional investigations will. It is much more fun to talk about assassinations. □

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CIA

The Case for Intelligence

MILES COPELAND

MY ARTICLE ABOUT the CIA (March 14) brought several letters which took issue more or less sensibly with my various points, but many more which didn't quarrel with the points so much as with the morality of my making them. Since my recent book about the CIA (*Without Cloak or Dagger*) came out I've grown used to hate mail, and I've come to accept the fact that there's a definite campaign against those who don't subscribe to Sy Hersh's view of the Agency. But I can't get used to the fact that there is a campaign against those who say there is a campaign. Maybe I should get off the air—or, at least, be more subtle.

I've just said this in reply to a letter from an old friend, a former CIA employee who now sells used cars, this being the only job he could get following the campaign of a "civil rights" organization which somehow regards the hiring of ex-Agency employees as a violation of civil rights, and whose members systematically telephone personnel departments of major corporations threatening exposure to those who "take on CIA agents." He had chided me for saying the Agency found the conclusion that there was a Soviet program of subversion in the U.S. "*almost* inescapable," and had thought I was doing the Agency a disservice by softening what I know of its findings.

I get his point. But look: I can't go around saying that the course of self-destruction on which we seem to be embarked is due to a gigantic KGB plot. Whether it is or isn't doesn't matter. There are some views which, right or wrong, we're expected to accept. Allende became president of Chile by means of free, democratic elections. The government of South Vietnam was corrupt; the government of North Vietnam is not. Angela Davis is beautiful. If you've got ideas to the contrary you shut up about them—if, that is, you want anyone to listen to what *else* you've got to say. You accept those notions against which it's useless to argue, then, from a starting point of at least pretended agreement on basics, you proceed to offer particulars.

The assumptions about the CIA around which minds have closed can't be taken on at one sitting. I happen to think the CIA is bumbling and inefficient, and *incapable* of the activities of which it has been accused, and I am

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certainly not trying to defend it. But even if I were I would do so only within narrow, carefully defined limits where I know I am on safe ground. Once an audience suspects you are trying to justify the Agency in a general way it tunes out, and from then on you can't even make points that its worst enemies must recognize as valid.

With respect to the issue of Soviet-inspired subversion in the United States, all one can hope for is that some people will at least give thoughtful consideration to the Agency's point of view. They can reject it in the end if they wish, but they should at least hear it. There is, after all, this inescapable fact: what is happening in our country is precisely what the Soviets want to happen, and what they have long, and openly, had plans to bring about. Could there be a connection between the happening and the plans? I should think it appropriate for the nation's intelligence agency to seek an answer to this question—and, while it is at it, to inquire into the related fact that whenever it dares even to suggest that there *might* be a connection its members are attacked by the nation's leading newspapers for being unregenerate cold warriors.

It's probably too late for the Agency to say anything about anything. Until recently it was silent for old-fashioned reasons of national security. Now that notions of national security have given way to those of "the public's right to know," even when it means that our enemies must also know, the public "knows" the wrong things. Fallacies about the Soviets and our relations with them have gone unchallenged for too long; they are now dogma. Supposedly well-informed editorialists use such phrases as "back in the days

There is, after all, this inescapable fact: what is happening in our country is precisely what the Soviets want to happen

of the cold war" and speak of "detente" without thought of how the Soviets define it. Well, if the Agency can't properly speak up neither can I. But perhaps it would be of some value to *NR* readers were I to outline how the Agency *must*, in the light of its background, view the current "our side bad, other side good" frame of mind we have got ourselves into. Here goes.

To start with, let's go back to why we have a CIA in the first place. It was the fear of another Pearl Harbor. We all agreed that it was unthinkable for a great country like ours to be taken by surprise by *any* event which might endanger our security, however remote the possibility of its occurring might seem. The first mission of the newly created Central Intelligence Agency was to help ensure an "early warning" in the event of another Pearl Harbor, and to provide information that the military would need in responding to it. In the late Forties, a team of Pentagon, State Department, and CIA planners sat down to figure out every major threat to our national security that might conceivably arise, and to work out dependable plans which, when a threat actually arose, could be dusted off and implemented without need of a lot of scurrying, *ad hoc* revisions. By the early Fifties, the CIA's information had pointed to "developing situations" which could lead to World War III, and a "contingency plan" had been drawn up for each. It was agreed that 36 "situations" would be kept under continual review, and the plans periodically brought up to date in the light of changing world circumstances. The responsibility was assigned to a committee consisting of Defense and State Department and CIA experts.

As the years went by, the committee deteriorated, mainly because the quality of its members dropped (planning for events which will probably never happen is not a job eagerly sought by a bureaucracy's best brains), but also because changes in world circumstances made the contingencies less and less realistic. Moreover, the planning was weakened by compromises reflecting the conflict between military men and the politicos. The military thought in terms of "first strike capability" and of giving priority to those contingencies that involved Russia's behaving more or less as Hitler's Germany did; the politicos believed that Russia sought to win victories without fighting, that in Soviet planning the military was subordinate to political aggression, that, in general, "Soviet strategy is more jiu-jitsu than boxing," as a State Department representative put it. The gap between the two points of view so widened that the "Pearl Harbor Committee," as it had come to be known, foundered to a halt. The exercise, or what was left of it, was taken over by "game players" from the various agencies, who promptly designated the "developing situations" with the more fashionable label, "scenarios," installed a computer, and set about turning the nightly gaming sessions into occasions for testing new techniques for predicting political events, with emphasis on the techniques rather than on the events. (Some chap wrote a book about it, remember, called *The Game of Nations.*) By 1970, "The Game" existed as a formal affair only when specific gaming problems were farmed out to universities and research groups such as the Rand Corporation. Inside the intelligence community itself it had become only one technique among many used by analysts as they found themselves faced with a situation so puzzling that it wouldn't respond to ordinary methods of examination.

The gaming device snapped back into action in December 1971, as the result of an innocent-sounding query made by a British officer at a meeting of British and American military experts held in London. He had just heard one of his colleagues present an impressive briefing on the state of readiness of British armed forces; his question was, "Yes, but can we use them?" Whatever their quality in terms of fighting preparedness, military forces cannot move without a national infrastructure—trains, public utilities, ports, basic industries, communications facilities, etc., which remain in the hands of civilians until war actually breaks out—and the infrastructure can't operate except in the hands of a civilian population that *wants* it to operate. The officer wanted to know whether this was or was not the situation in the Britain of 1971. He went on to postulate a Soviet-American military confrontation under circumstances cho-

The paperback edition of Mr. Copeland's book on the CIA, Beyond Cloak and Dagger *(Pinnacle Press), will be published in mid-August.*

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sen by the Soviets to ensure maximum sympathy for themselves and maximum blame on the "capitalist and imperialist" Americans, and a British government too weak to deal with the wildcat strikes, riots, sabotage, and urban guerrilla warfare it would provoke should it attempt to "drag Britain into a capitalist imperialist war." So—"But can we use them?" A legitimate question for an army officer of a country whose military posture is based on an alliance with NATO and the United States—which, he politely suggested, might have doubts about its *own* infrastructure.

My reputation as a "game player" was enough to cause one or two old Agency friends who had been with me in the old days to seek my advice with respect to applying game techniques to the questions at hand—I mean those questions that the British colonel's query had brought to mind. The Agency was in a quandary about a great conflict between conclusions to which its information was taking it. On the one hand, it was in possession of intelligence which proved conclusively that the Soviets were backing terrorist movements all over the world, stimulating violence in student and labor movements, "orchestrating" (to use Lenin's word) the penetration and corruption of many respectable non-Communist political and social organizations, and, in general, using "detente" as a means of winning, rather than relaxing, the cold war. It also had proof that the Sino-Soviet split did not, as some other elements of the intelligence community believed, diminish the effectiveness and danger of these Soviet-supported activities. Finally, there was indisputable proof that the Soviets ultimately aimed at nothing less than a "revolutionary mass movement" in the United States, and that Soviet-supported activities, both abroad and in the United States, hung together in a single, easily charted master scheme. That was one side of the story. At the same time, there was a mass of information, equally convincing, that there was nobody in Moscow—or Peking, Havana, or any other Communist capital—who was up to such a massive organizational feat. The KGB can hardly be said to be staffed with organizational geniuses—nor is any other group in the hierarchies of the Soviet Union or of any other Communist country.

Nor, for that matter, in the CIA or the U.S. Government. "Gaming it all out" seemed an ideal way to answer the question: how can there be a master plan without master planners? CIA experts, with appropriate assistance from Defense and State, would bone up on current Soviet operational philosophies, put themselves in the shoes of KGB and other Soviet government officials known to have responsibility for operations against American interests, and figure how they would go about it. Looking at the problem from the Soviets' own point of view—and taking into account Soviet strengths, shortcomings, and operational options as the Soviets themselves saw them—might show how the Communists can achieve such well-coordinated results with so little coordinating ability. It did. Moreover, once the "gaming out" exercise had established the scaffolding, it was easy to bring order to the masses of information which until then had been so confusing.

There are two premises upon which to start any examination of Soviet strategies since Stalin. The first is that in any direct confrontation between us and them, they, not we, will choose the scenario. They will choose one which suits their purposes, not ours. The second is that in indirect confrontations—in small wars, that is—their strategies will be built entirely on their "can win, can't lose" position. (For example, North Vietnam could fail again and again in its attacks on South Vietnam yet win in the end, while South Vietnam had to lose only once to be finished—and the same with the Arabs and Israel.) There was already enough agreement on these points, but a difference of opinion arose between the military and the politicos when it came to postulating more specific guidelines.

The Soviets had been convinced by our politicians and writers, not theirs, that our society was "rotten to the core"

The guidelines the Soviets presumably would follow were these:

- In the event military conflict appears inevitable, the Soviets will choose a scenario that fits our weaknesses, not their strengths.
- They will primarily attack those of our institutions that stand between them and our weaknesses.
- They will use our own facilities to attack us, rather than facilities directly controlled by them.

At first the military-minded game players argued that the Soviets were *in fact* giving primary attention to their own strengths, outrunning us not only in building their military capabilities at home but in giving military aid to Communist countries involved in small wars, and that, regardless of any information to the contrary, the Soviets could be presumed to have confidence in their military might, and to base their plans on it. "Besides," a superpatriot from the Pentagon said, "we *don't have* any weaknesses." Intelligence indicating that the Soviets did *not* have confidence in their military strengths—or, rather, that they had an inordinate respect for ours—was very impressive.

But what won over the military minds was intelligence on how the Soviets sized up our political situation. The Soviets had been convinced by *our* politicians and writers, not theirs, that our society was "rotten to the core," and that the American people were so disillusioned with the "stooges of the military-industrial complex" who are our leaders that should these leaders try to drag the country into a "capitalist imperialist" war our soldiers would refuse to obey the orders of their officers, young men would burn their draft cards, labor unions would go on strike, students would riot, "the people" the world over would demonstrate in front of our embassies, and that would be the end of it. Wishful Communist thinking, perhaps, but that's what the Soviets did believe in 1971—and probably do now.

Having accepted this first proposition, even the most outright military minds among the game players found the next two easy—especially since events of the moment were bearing them out. For example, the U.S. Army's security officers in Germany had been arguing that in the event of, say, a sudden sweep of Warsaw Pact armies across northern Europe our own military forces could be grounded by fifth columnists among German civilian employees, who could be presumed to exist in a target of such priority importance

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to the KGB, and that investigations into the backgrounds of those employees were absolutely essential. No sooner had the investigations got under way than there was an outcry, *in our own country*, and they had to be stopped. The FBI promptly established that the leaks of information which provoked the outcry came from U.S. Government employees under the influence of Communist-front organizations. It can be said that the Soviets' assault—not on the U.S. forces themselves, and not even on the German civilian employees, but on the U.S. agency whose job it was to uncover whether or not there were potential subversives and saboteurs among the employees—accomplished as much as a military move to neutralize American forces in Germany. More, in fact, because there was no price to pay in public relations.

It was the means by which the Soviets can accomplish so little with so much, using *our* resources, that drew the attention of the game players. We had it from the Soviets themselves (one really should read Lenin, and not waste time on the almost irrelevant Marx) that the steps were *sedation*, *diversion*, *penetration*, and *activation*.

Sedation is the business of "lulling the enemy into a false sense of security," a standard military stratagem dating back to the Bible. Today, the Soviets sedate us by means of a two-pronged approach. First, they show enthusiasm for detente, cultural exchanges, summits, and all sorts of efforts to prove that "the Russians aren't such bad chaps after all," as a member of President Nixon's staff said upon returning from a visit to Moscow.

GIVEN THE mood of wishful thinking in America today, the first prong is almost enough. There is, however, the second: the carefully indirect smearing of influential and articulate Americans who persist in suspecting the sincerity of all this copacetic behavior, and the carefully indirect support of influential and articulate Americans who accept it. By means I'll come to in a minute, these two categories of people are turned into the villains and heroes, respectively, of the American scene according to *their* scenario. The first are cold warriors, McCarthyites, and fascists; the second are—well, any term will do so long as it implies wisdom, reasonableness, and love of freedom and does not even remotely suggest Communism. "Communist" is the epithet which Soviet-front organizations like to bait those of the first category into using.

As we all know, calling anything "Communist" is very unfashionable in America these days, and the Soviets know very well that the way to discredit something in our society is not to make it appear evil but to make it appear unfashionable.

It is well to remember that the measure of Communist sedation is not the prominence of Communist sympathizers but the apathy of everybody else. Take the situation in Britain, for example. A minority of leftist extremists in the National Students Union has succeeded in electing four of its number to the four top positions. We should perhaps be alarmed at the fact that a minority can win out over a majority by being pushier, or simply by bothering to show up at elections. But what's *really* the indication of Communist sedation in Britain is the fact that the *whole country*, 100 per cent of its taxpayers—including Harold Wilson, Margaret Thatcher, Peregrine Worsthorne, Anthony Lejeune, and Malcolm Muggeridge—supplies that $50,000 per year that the NSU budgets explicitly for sit-ins, "agitprop," and other forms of disruption, and there is no sign that it will stop.

Sedation does not *quite* go far enough, however. There is no way the Soviets can completely conceal the fact that they are pursuing the cold war as vigorously as ever, and that detente is but one of their strategies. Unfortunately for them, there are a few analysts in the CIA, the State Department, the Pentagon, and even the universities who have the patience to read such official Soviet ideological statements as Mr. V. N. Egorov's *Peaceful Coexistence and the Revolutionary Process*, and a few ordinary people in the world outside who read James Burnham and Brian Crozier, and who are out of reach of this second prong. This fact necessitates step two, diversion.

Diversion is simply a matter of exploiting the Americans' almost masochistic propensity for self-criticism and the phenomenon of social sensitivity known to propagandists as "the conscience of the affluent." We *love* to find fault with ourselves, while being tolerant of our enemies. Witness, for example, the attention our media gave to the Mylai massacres while they all but ignored the hundreds of worse massacres committed by the other side. Or the television coverage of the South Vietnamese fleeing from the invading North Vietnamese. The coverage played up not the inhumanity of the North Vietnamese in causing such suffering, but the bad behavior of the fleeing Southerners. It is as if in Hitler's day the media had refrained from mentioning the Nazis' extermination of the Jews and had instead concentrated on the way the Jews jostled one another as they were being led to the gas chambers.

Because of our "conscience of the affluent," the fact that our country has fewer faults than any Communist country in no way protects us from damaging propaganda, nor does the nonexistence of a specific fault disqualify it as a subject. Organizations for "the protection of civil rights" can exist only in countries such as Britain and America where civil rights need little defending, while they are unheard of elsewhere. Organizations for "protecting the people from alien influences" abound in China and Russia where no "alien influence" would dare raise its head, and are not allowed in Britain where alien influences, including Americans such as myself, are on the verge of taking the place over.

A principle of sabotage, however, is that the greater the thrust of the target the less the force that is required to make it destroy itself

And if our critics, in their agonies of conscience, want some *genuine* faults to harp on they can always read *The Greening of America*, which points out such "abuses of power" as the right of airlines to provide their passengers with copies of *Business Week* and not of *The Nation* and the power of nurses in hospitals to wake up their charges for early breakfasts. As Lenin pointed out, *nothing* is too petty to serve diversionary purposes. Remember that the event that started the chain of events that brought the fall

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of Germany in 1918 was a mutiny in the German fleet over a cut in the soap ration, and the Russian Revolution was sparked by a dispute over whether Moscow typesetters were entitled to payment for punctuation marks.

Sedation, even when combined with diversion, does not quite add up to what Lenin called "inoculation," the creation of a state of mind in your adversaries that lets you prepare for their destruction right under their noses without their being aware of it. Optimum success is attained when those adversaries see nothing but good in those who would destroy them, and nothing but bad in those who call attention to the dangers. A principle of sabotage, however—any kind of sabotage, whether physical, moral, or intellectual—is that the greater the thrust of the target (as in the case of a huge locomotive racing along the track at a hundred miles per hour) the less the force that is required to make it destroy itself. According to Boris Ponomarev and other Soviet experts on the Western scene who have written learned papers on the "social demolition" they have in mind for us, it is the very fact of our strength, vitality, and momentum which makes us an easy target for their political jiu-jitsu. Thus, a degree of success in inoculation far short of the optimum will suffice. Our mere tolerance of Communist instruments will do, as will mere polite skepticism toward those who oppose them—e.g., calling people like James Burnham, Brian Crozier, and Eugene Methvin cold warriors instead of fascists. It's even preferable: the epithet "fascist" makes a target look merely evil while "cold warrior" makes him look ridiculous.

I'll save for a later article the discussion of how CIA analysts see the Soviets achieving penetration and activation, the final steps toward their ultimate objective, a "revolutionary mass movement" in the United States. Here, I want to concentrate on how Lenin's first two steps, sedation and diversion, are pushed to the point of achieving inoculation. This brings us to the "franchise system," which I talked about in my last article ["Is There a CIA in Your Future?" March 14] but which, judging by the mail that piece provoked, requires further elaboration.

THE FRANCHISE system, as I said, is a means devised by the Soviets' new school of social demolitionists, who recognized the absurdity of Stalin's insistence that revolutionary movements throughout the world could and should be controlled from Moscow, and who recognized a need for a system which took into account the realities of today—namely, that resistance to authority and discipline is what a modern "revolution" is all about. Under the franchise system, they could make use not only of Communists but of "anti-anti-Communists" and everybody else who is their "enemy's enemy." By such a system, I said, they could achieve results in the manner of Colonel Sanders' Kentucky Fried Chicken, without the burdens of "control." I thought what I said was clear enough, but judging by the mail I got maybe I should have spelled it out. I do so now.

In the franchise system, as it applies to the United States, there are five layers:

1. Agents ("leakers") inside the U.S. Government who expose official secrets, not to the Soviets' espionage organization, the KGB, but to our own congressmen and journalists who can be counted upon to reveal them to the public.

2. A combination of "front" organizations, non-Communist and having no known connection with the Soviets, which cultivates the leakers of secrets and protects them from trouble, and which systematically encourages the congressmen and journalists to make the most effective use of the information.

3. "Termites": congressmen and journalists, "anti-anti-Communists" or whatever, who seek to discredit exactly those institutions, organizations, and persons the Soviets, for separate reasons, wish to discredit.

4. "Maggots": ordinary journalists, writers, and other influencers of public opinion who have no strong views one way or the other about the targets of the Soviets and the termites, but who know a bandwagon when they see one.

The Soviets see "the kids" as our fashion setters; they and the parents who consciously or unconsciously court and imitate them are the audience

5. "Subscribers": ordinary people—sometimes, I regret to say, including you and me—who have found that life goes more smoothly if they at least pay lip service to the myths, idols, and demons which the franchise system eventually builds up, or who simply feel that they can't spend their lives writing letters-to-the-editor and making nuisances of themselves by jumping up to say, "Hey, *wait* a minute!" every time they hear someone advancing a notion which damages the country.

How it all works is so simple that those who gamed it out—and who subsequently got plenty of reliable information to support their conclusions—wondered why they hadn't thought of it before. How can a small group of planners sitting in Moscow, with only limited intellectual and organizational resources, bring about a well-coordinated and highly effective program of "decomposition," as the KGB's "Section D" calls it, in a country whose economic and social advantages far exceed theirs, and do so through use of resources which are far above the planners' own efficiency and sophistication? The answer is in the relationships among elements of the five levels of the franchise system.

Let's start at the top, with the leakers. If you've read my book on the CIA, you may remember that I listed several standard types of espionage agents as they are described in Agency classrooms. There is the "Emily"—the spy employed in a target government office who is spotted, indoctrinated, and recruited by a "principal" of a foreign intelligence service using conventional methods; the "Mickey"—the spy who takes the initiative in offering his services to a foreign intelligence service; the "Philby"—the long term spy, recruited in his youth, who may have taken years to work himself into a prominent position within the target; the "Willie"—the spy who is actually working for one intelligence service while he thinks he is working for another or for no intelligence service at all but for some business firm trying to gain the inside track on lucrative government contracts or for some crusading congressman or newspaper columnist. Then, in my last piece, I described what we may now call the "Philip": the leaker who sympathizes with our enemies and wishes to get information to them, but has discovered that he can do so *legally*—and incidentally,

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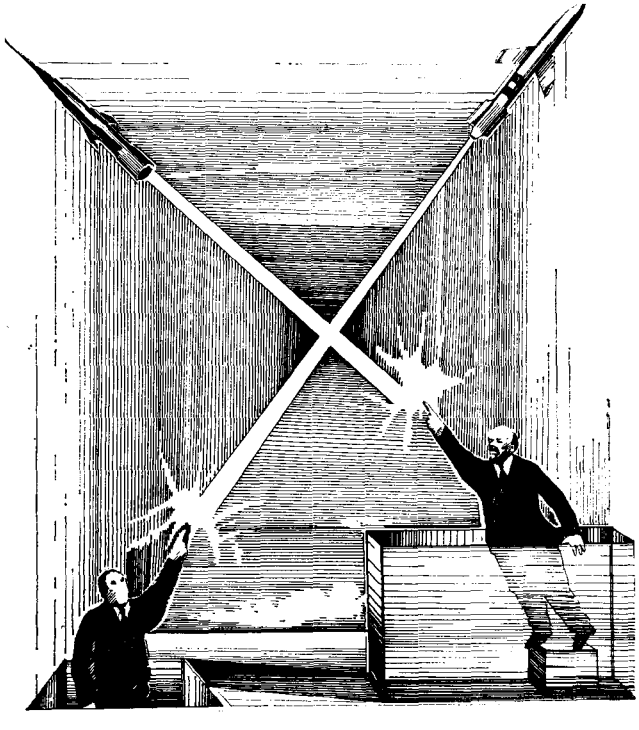
profitably—by writing it up in a book which our enemies, along with thousands of other people, can buy in any bookstore. The agents and quasi-agents on the top rung of the franchise ladder are either "Philips" or "Willies" or a combination of the two, or not quite either. In that case, their function is much broader than any other type of agent.

The "Willie," remember, may be working for the KGB while he thinks he is working for some less anti-American organization, say the CIA itself. The "Willie" of the franchise system may knowingly or unknowingly be working for the KGB or a Communist-front organization and *pretend* he is working for the CIA, as was the case of at least one of those "former undercover CIA agents" who furnished *New York Times* reporter Seymour Hersh information—or "disinformation"—on the CIA's alleged "domestic break-ins and wire-tappings while monitoring radicals in New York City" [*New York Times*, January 19]. Needless to say, there are bona fide employees of the CIA and other U.S. Government agencies who aren't any kind of agent, and who have simply been caught up in the latest fashion. Those of the Soviets' franchise system are easily distinguished from these, however, because the franchise member's information invariably takes the form of pieces of jigsaw puzzles which, when put together, form completed pictures of the sort the KGB's decompositionists seek to get across. Given the journalist's natural preference for stories that "add up," it is not remarkable that leads and information leaked to them as the result of KGB inspiration are the ones they most eagerly seize upon.

What *is* remarkable is the extent to which the termites who seize upon the stories have been inoculated: they refuse to listen to dissenting information, or to any suggestion that they've been taken in, and they attack anyone who dares to dispute them. (Look at the trouble I've had, for example, for disproving the story about Henry Kissinger's making that statement, "If the Chileans are so irresponsible as to elect a Communist . . .") It is the new, post-Stalin type of front organization that has made this possible.



For years, the FBI in our own country and the CIA abroad directed their efforts toward sniffing out Communist-*controlled* front organizations, while they should have remembered that Lenin had advised his followers to concentrate on "mass organizations built around specific issues" which were already in existence. To paraphrase Eugene Methvin (whose book *The Riot Makers*, incidentally, is indispensable reading for anyone seeking a detailed, yet compulsively readable, account of the Soviets' decomposition tactics in the U.S.), agents whose connection with the Communists is completely secret first locate themselves in primary schools (and their Parent-Teacher Associations), the media, churches, labor unions, and charitable organizations, and then stimulate them to action in aid of causes which are not identifiable as uniquely Communist but are "protest" issues which any public-spirited citizen can get behind. The issues of civil liberties and peace are ideal because they present no real problems, and allow complete range to the decompositionists to fabricate ones which suit their purposes. Eugene Methvin exposed numerous cases where Communist agents among rioters used "guerrilla theater" techniques to fake photogenic instances of "police brutality"; the FBI and the CIA have similarly uncovered dozens of cases where Communist agents faked cases of "invasion of privacy" or "repression of freedom of speech" in order to provoke outraged reactions from civil liberties organizations. Once the reactions are under way, they are left to the well-intentioned but naïve non-Communists in the organizations. The Communists themselves step back into the shadows.

WITHOUT the majority of their members realizing it, the function of the front organizations is to provide a link tying the leakers to the termites, while at the same time serving as a lead wall separating the Soviets from the franchise system. They serve the leakers by giving them such legal assistance as they may require to protect them from charges of espionage by government agencies which haven't yet learned the futility of such charges, and by providing whatever publicity, lobbying, and behind-the-scenes influence they may require to hold onto their jobs, to find new ones, or merely to enjoy the delights of martyrdom. They encourage the termites by giving them inside tracks on the news stories they generate, by publicly idolizing them, and by otherwise appealing to their vanity. Vanity, when you get right down to it, is what the termites are all about.

Lenin's main category of termites was what he called "useful idiots"—compulsive anti-authority liberals, nondescript leftist extremists who call themselves Marxists without ever having read Marx, and other varieties of individuals and groups who are against the existing order simply because it *is* the existing order. They were useful in Lenin's day because they were immediately available; they are useful today for the same reason, and because they fit nicely into various facilities of marginal value such as the underground press. For those franchise purposes which concern the CIA, however, the Soviets use "intellectuals"—a word that has no meaning except when enclosed in quotes, and that denotes all persons in professions where there is freedom to point out the problems of society and to prescribe solutions for them but no accountability for results. A doctor may be cheered for announcing, "I am against disease in all its forms!" or for advocating a public health

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program, but he can't make a career that way. His success rests on whether or not he cures sickness—just as a lawyer's rests on the cases he wins, an engineer's on how well the bridges he builds stand up, and an aircraft designer's on how well his airplanes fly.

Contrast these professions with journalism, education, the church, and the arts. "Intellectuals" actually *thrive* on pointing out insoluble problems, and nobody holds against them even their most lunatic solutions since they never get tested and are therefore never proven wrong. Moreover, unlike doctors, engineers, and others in practical pursuits, they know how to state their arguments clearly and convincingly.

I'm afraid I've sneaked in my own private explanation of why it is that the problem solvers of a society move to the right politically while the problem finders move to the left, and why the problem finders who can't command high pay (the "ignorant intellectuals," we residents of Britain call them) wind up teaching Marxism in schools, while the ones who can, wind up writing newspaper columns and presiding over TV talk shows. I return to the Soviets, though, to point out that they apply this reasoning to "the kids"—who are, let us not forget, *the* prime target of the KGB's efforts at decomposition. And why? Well, they're useful for draft card burning exercises when there are major military confrontations, and for demonstrating us into weakened positions when there are minor ones, but these are not their only value. The Soviets see "the kids" as our *fashion setters*; they and the parents who consciously or unconsciously court and imitate them are the audience. Moreover, being long on perspicacity and short on practical experience, "the kids" are an ideal audience for the kind of people who become termites. They are utopians who can be counted on to applaud exactly the utopian views that termites went into politics and the media to express.

THE "maggot" is a journalist—or a politician, film producer, or whatever, but usually a journalist—who does not have any utopian notions, but who shares the termite's need for applause. Or, if it's not a need for applause motivated by vanity, it's at least a practical realization that he must please his readers and his editors if he is to hold onto his job.

As good an example as I can think of is a British television crew I ran into in South Africa. Mind you, I hold no brief for the Afrikaaners and their apartheid, but I must say that when I was in South Africa, equipped with some thirty years of investigative experience, I was unable to find *any* of the horrors that the crew featured in the film it made—little boys scavenging in garbage cans, women carrying back-breaking loads, both men and women clawing at the outside world through barbed wire. I asked one of the crew how he had managed to find such scenes to photograph, and he explained that he had put coins in the garbage cans, paid the women to load themselves down with sacks stuffed with old newspapers, and posed the men and women *outside* the barbed wire enclosure (he couldn't induce them to go in), while the camera crew crawled into the enclosure to take photographs of the curious natives who were drawn to peep through the fences to see what such a weirdly dressed lot of white folks might be up to. Why? Because the producer of the film hated Afrikaaners and wanted to show them as being worse than they really were? Not a bit of it. He *liked* them. All he wanted was a good man-bites-dog film which fitted the mood of the viewing public. Were he to send his London headquarters a film showing "South Africa Good," as he put it, his equally nonpolitical, nonutopian boss would think he had lost his mind and wouldn't show the film. So, South Africa Bad. And Bad it will remain, whatever the Afrikaaners do about their apartheid, so long as that's what the maggots have to report to stay in business.

Once the Soviets have "maggots" in the act, they've won the game. Anyone who argues inside a maggot-oriented framework can rely on assumptions. Anyone who challenges the framework must start from scratch, and has an uphill job all the way. "In view of the CIA's involvement in Watergate," asks a member of a student audience I talked to a few months ago, "don't you think that the U.S. Government should . . . ?" and so on and so on. If I start my

Folks think the government would be negligent in its duty if it didn't have somebody keep an eye on the likes of Mrs. Abzug

reply by saying, "Now, *wait* a minute, it happens that the CIA was *not* involved in Watergate," the audience breaks into raucous laughter, and before I can even approach the question itself I've got the tiresome, thankless job of neutralizing a premise which is so thoroughly accepted that, for all practical purposes, it's a matter of what lawyers call "judicial notice." My inclination is to say to hell with it, then answer the question with as few words as possible, and resolve not to talk to any more college audiences.

This brings me to the "subscriber." I want you to go back and read the second sentence of the paragraph just ahead of the one above, the sentence which begins, "Mind you, I hold no brief for the Afrikaaners and their apartheid." *That's* what I mean by subscribing. I opened my sentence in that way so as to establish the fact that I'm not just some racist who is biased in favor of the Afrikaaners, to obviate the necessity of getting sidetracked into a lengthy discourse on a subject which has nothing to do with the point I'm trying to make, and to present that point as having come from someone who is objective. Simple declarative statements are subject to refutation, or to the suggestion of bias on the part of those who make them, but assumptions tend to slip past our critical filters.

We're all, I'm afraid, to some degree "subscribers." This being the case, and considering the subscription rates, the emotional and "intellectual" environment of the United States is *already* one which favors the enemy's objectives more than our own.

You will not be surprised to learn that many people out in Langley believe that their Director, William Colby, has been doing too much "subscribing" of late—especially when he put on that obsequious performance (assuming *Newsweek*'s description of it was correct) before the onomatopoetic Mrs. Abzug. Many of them come from parts of Middle America where folks think the government would be negligent in its duty if it didn't have *somebody* keep an eye on the likes of Mrs. Abzug, and couldn't care less if it's the FBI, the CIA, or the Fish and Wildlife Division of the Department of the Interior. My personal view, shared by

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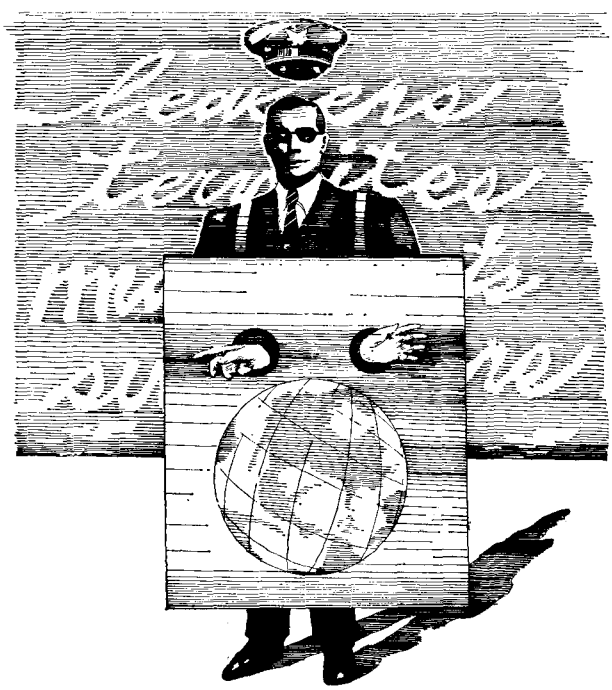
people at the Agency with whom I've managed to discuss the subject, is that all that is owed to Mrs. Abzug by the director of an agency which keeps files on you, me, Elvis Presley, Bob Hope, B. F. Skinner, Teddy Kennedy, Governor Wallace, and all but two or three members of Vice President Rockefeller's blue ribbon commission including Mr. Rockefeller himself, is a shrug of the shoulders and a remark to the effect that she's in good company. As one of my Agency friends said, "If we don't keep files on people who take it upon themselves to make contact with North Vietnamese officials, then whom *do* we keep files on?"

I don't know Bill Colby (and neither, remarkably, do a lot of fairly high-ranking Agency members), so I—we—may be doing him an injustice. All the same, I would be happier were he to stand up to his critics and instead of "admitting" that the Agency has done this or that, simply *say* that it has, and explain why. Is it necessary that he apologize for training Tibetans to stand up to the Chinese Communists who are occupying their country? Or for the CIA's having given advice to local police forces that have problems of terrorism—for the reason that "it is exceeding its charter"? (The story that he "admitted" that the Agency had "furnished information to the White House" and promised not to do it again is no doubt apocryphal, but the fact that it is circulating among Agency personnel is an indication of prevalent feelings.) What is needed is not a series of articles in *NR*, but a once-and-for-all, shoot-the-works official paper on the present state of security in our country, what caused it to be in that state, and what has to be done to build up its strengths and to remedy its weaknesses—including whatever legislation it takes to shut up the leakers.

But that leaves the termites and the maggots, and neither I nor anyone I know who agrees with the sentiments I express here believes that *anything* should be done about them, certainly not censorship of the press, not even the mild kind they have in Britain. I don't even object to their refusal to substantiate their stories or to reveal their sources —so long, that is, as they allow their country's secret intelligence agency the same privileges, and don't recoil in horror every time a CIA Director "withholds information." We can only rely on the probability that somewhere along the line our friends in the media will get wise to themselves. Let's face it, our press has been corrupted. It is axiomatic that in the course of winning a bloody struggle the victor unconsciously absorbs some of the worst characteristics of the vanquished, even those he so deplored as to be drawn into the struggle in the first place. We've seen this happen to our armies in all our wars, from the American Revolution to Vietnam. I submit that the campaign against the Nixon Administration over Watergate has, in the end, caused much of the press to adopt the very attitudes and practices that the crusade was to expose, and that "at this point in time" those reporters who are conducting the witch-hunt against the CIA have more in common with Gordon Liddy than they have with Woodward and Bernstein.



BUT THAT'S not all. Some of those reporters have by now become *committed* termites: to an extent they could not possibly realize, they have become so thoroughly committed to an assault on our institutions, and on those of us who dare to defend them, that they continue to hawk stories that suit their purposes, and to persist in defending them, long after they've been disproved—such as, for example, the story about Kissinger's alleged remark about the "irresponsible Chileans," which even the most naïve reporter on a high school paper should have recognized as absurd in the first place. You can rest assured that even should the congressional committees find the Agency 99 per cent perfect—the termites will blow up that remaining 1 per cent so big as to prove they were right about the Agency all along, and make headlines about its "admitting" that 1 per cent rather than about its proving the 99 per cent. Look at the way the *New York Times* handled the Rockefeller Commission report, as a case in point. It had an eight-column two-inch banner headline across the front page: CIA PANEL FINDS 'PLAINLY UNLAWFUL' ACTS/ THAT IMPROPERLY INVADED AMERICAN RIGHTS; and the first paragraph read: "The Central Intelligence Agency has conducted a vast network of unlawful or uncontrolled domestic operations that resulted in the creation of files on 300,000 individuals and organizations, mail openings, wiretappings, room bugging, burglaries, extensive 'monitoring' of overseas telephone calls, secret drug testing, and infiltration of American political groups, according to the report of the Rockefeller Commission released today." The only thing that wasn't in that opening paragraph (and was only paraphrased in the first page, incidentally) was the finding of the Commission, which was: "A detailed analysis of the facts has convinced the Commission that the great majority of CIA's domestic activities comply with its statutory authority." To protect themselves ("to protect themselves *from themselves*," as my favorite Jesuit puts it) the termites have invented a morality which allows them to pull any dirty trick in the book as they take out after defenders of the institution, yet retain the illusion that they are acting on a basis of high moral principles.

What can be done about the subscribers? Again, nothing. We live in a country where everybody subscribes to whatever he likes. But the American people are far from stupid, and their gullibility has its limits. □

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GEORGE GILDER

Freedom Wins at Dartmouth

JEFFREY HART

When George Gilder showed up at Dartmouth on the afternoon of May 13, he had only the faintest notion that he had become not only a local *cause célèbre*, but also an issue the implications of which went far beyond the local. A kind of intellectual convulsion had preceded his visit. Gilder, of course, is the author of *Sexual Suicide* and *Naked Nomads*. I had known him myself when he was a liberal Republican speechwriter in the Nixon presidential campaign of 1968. George Gilder—the focus of passionate controversy? But in early May Gilder had been canceled at Yale, under circumstances still unclear, and then he was canceled at Dartmouth, under circumstances all too clear. Determined radicals on the faculty had transformed Gilder into a sexual Ron Ziegler.

Gilder's talk had originally been commissioned by an arm of the college called the Tucker Foundation, as part of a series on relations between the sexes, with special attention to their social and political aspects. The Tucker Foundation is itself a rather peculiar entity. It has its remote roots in a vaguely Protestant brand of moral uplift, but it is certainly far removed from any specifically religious or theological concerns. In recent years it has interpreted its uplift mission as meaning almost exclusively liberal-left advocacy. Thus the sexual role series this year had been heavily feminist in content—not just pro-woman, but ideologically feminist, the woman as victim and liberatee. As we will see, this doctrine has inclusions and exclusions. The sexual role series has featured, for example, a presentation by a group of radical feminists from New York, the radical feminist lawyers Brenda and Marc Feigen-Fasteau, and other ideological feminists. Just how George Gilder slipped into this particular deck is not altogether clear. When Gilder's invitation became generally known, however, a kind of informal standing caucus of feminists and/or radicals immediately protested to Dean Warner Traynham, the black head of the Tucker Foundation, who then canceled the invitation.

In a subsequent statement Traynham explained that he had made a "mistake" in inviting Gilder. The mistake was that he had signed the contract without first finding out just what Gilder's views were. Had he read Gilder beforehand, he implied, he of course would never have invited him. For this "mistake" he apologized.

The cancelation itself would not have come to wide attention in the absence of some good investigative reporting by the campus newspaper, *The Dartmouth*, which asked the question, How come? In a front page article, a principal spokesperson for the radical caucus, a philosophy professor named Marlene Fried, called Gilder a "hatemonger" and compared him to William Shockley, who, indeed, had been shouted down at Dartmouth a couple of years ago.

Dean Traynham seemed to agree with the gist of this. He said that, yes, he had now read Gilder, and that Gilder thought the sexual role to be biologically "determined" (Traynham is wrong here), and that, no, such was not what he, Traynham, had "in mind" for his series of speakers at Dartmouth.

In a later statement, Traynham said that he had doubted that Gilder would contribute to the "pastoral role" of the Tucker Foundation. The assorted radical feminists, apparently, did contribute to that "pastoral role." Anyway, exit Gilder.

Whereupon, convulsion in the microcosm. For several days the college newspaper was inundated with letters from students and faculty protesting this gross violation of academic freedom, not to mention the slanderous off-the-cuff description of Gilder as a "hatemonger." This last, of course, was merely a bit of totalitarian boilerplate designed to exclude an opponent as a nonperson. For several days the editor of the paper did not receive a single letter supporting the disinvitation.

In the midst of all this, a new invitation to Gilder was extended by three different student organizations: the Student Forum, which has no official political position, and the American Forum and the Dartmouth Committee for Intellectual Alternatives, both of which are moderate-to-conservative.

An advertisement ran daily and conspicuously in the campus newspaper: "GILDER SPEAKS: Author of *Sexual Suicide* and *Naked Nomads* Defies Censorship Attempt, May 13, 8 PM. . . ."

Not everyone, to be sure, was absolutely enamored of the idea of free debate where Gilder was concerned. The Women's Programs Office, an arm of the Dean's office, was invited to cosponsor Gilder along with the other groups. It did not bother to return the phone call, glittering though the opportunity seemed to put oneself on the side of academic freedom. But it hardly mattered.

The radical caucus, of course, was utterly unprepared for the opposition it had encountered over Gilder. The radical faculty member, even if judged incorrect on this or that issue, rarely loses the aura of moral heroism, and comes to feel morally immune. The radical can say anything, however inaccurate, and slander anyone, normally without fear of reprisal. But something had gone terribly wrong in this case.

An attempt was therefore made by the radicals to provide some sort of principled rationale for what originally had been merely a naked power play. In a long public letter signed by 14 faculty members it was argued that Gilder should not speak because a) if the college sponsored him the college would implicitly be endorsing his views, and b) Gilder being—as they incorrectly alleged—an apostle of inequality, his appearance would outrage the college's commitment to equal opportunity for women.

This, to be sure, was a bit more elevated than the original "hatemonger" position, but it was, obviously, intellectually pathetic, and it was treated with the derision it deserved.

One full professor wrote that it came as a "revelation" to him that a group

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of his colleagues would undertake to decide whom he could hear and whom he could not hear. A college senior wrote that the position of the 14 radicals was an "insult" to the intelligence of the student body as a whole. I myself expressed the view that the position expressed in the radicals' letter might, intellectually, be appropriate to a huckster or a commissar, but hardly to an academician with any integrity at all. A professor of economics wrote to protest a peripheral slanderous characterization of himself in the letter signed by the 14 faculty members.

The radical position here appeared to be fundamentally "Marcusist," that is, tolerance for the "incorrect" or "repressive" opinion damages or at least delays the advancement of the "correct" or "liberated" opinion. Carry that far enough, and you would exclude not only much of contemporary opinion but most of Western culture, including the works of, say, Shakespeare, Milton, Hemingway, Freud, Lawrence.

And so Gilder appeared on May 13, in the new, modernistic Cook Auditorium, before a large and enthusiastic crowd—pro and con—instead of the smallish crowd such talks normally attract. It is notable that no attempt was made to heckle him or shout him down, though he was asked plenty of critical questions, many of them very intelligent.

His new sponsors, indeed, aware of precedent, were fully prepared for disturbances should any occur, whether by students or faculty. Motion picture and tape recording equipment was on hand. Any interference with constitutional and/or academic rights would have been meticulously documented for future action by the college and by the courts of New Hampshire.

As I intimated above, nothing had prepared me for the appearance of George Gilder as an electrifying and controversial presence on the campus. I had not seen him since 1968, when we were both speechwriters in the Nixon presidential campaign. Gilder was a mild and pleasant fellow possessed of what seemed to me quite conventional views. He was a liberal Republican, a leader in the Ripon group, and he had worked for Jacob Javits and Nelson Rockfeller. But during the interval in which I had not seen him, something marvelous and strange had transpired. George Gilder experienced what can only be called a revelation, had an enormous insight, a genuine insight. It changed him profoundly, and in many ways.

Oddly enough, the revelation came while Gilder was working on a book about ghetto life for, of all people, George Romney. Like Emile Durkheim pondering the oddities in suicide statistics, or Robert Merton studying the paradoxes in indices of discontent, Gilder noted a strange ghetto paradox. Even though black income was rising, black families were disintegrating.

Gilder plunged into the statistics. He found that the "provider" role of black males was being undercut, that the black male was becoming superfluous. This was taking place because of the welfare structure and because of employment patterns, and the cumulative result was that the black family was disintegrating.

Gilder's own eyes were opened by this primal insight. He noticed that a similar distintegration—for very different reasons—was taking place at the opposite end of the social spectrum, among affluent professionals. Strange brothers under the skin they were, the affluent and the ghetto dweller. In both groups family breakdown and male singleness were contributing to deepening social problems.

This perception led on to others. Studying his statistics, Gilder found that male "singleness" correlates more than any other factor with crime, with early mortality, and with a host of diseases physical and mental. Correlates more than "race." More than "income." This was unconventional wisdom.

As Gilder said at Dartmouth, single men over 25 years old have a mortality rate three times that of married men and four times that of women. Single men are three times more likely to die of a heart attack, four times more likely to commit suicide, seven times more likely to commit a crime than married men. By virtually every index, notably, single men are more vulnerable than single women. Sexism in American society? Gilder: Single men and single women of the same age and qualifications earn the same amount of money. Heresy. But Gilder has the figures. He really *is* threatening the established ideology.

Like many others, Gilder thinks that the family is the foundation of society and that without it the social fabric would unravel, but he has his own reasons for thinking so. According to Gilder, the female is bound to the family by her more complex and extended sexuality. She not only has

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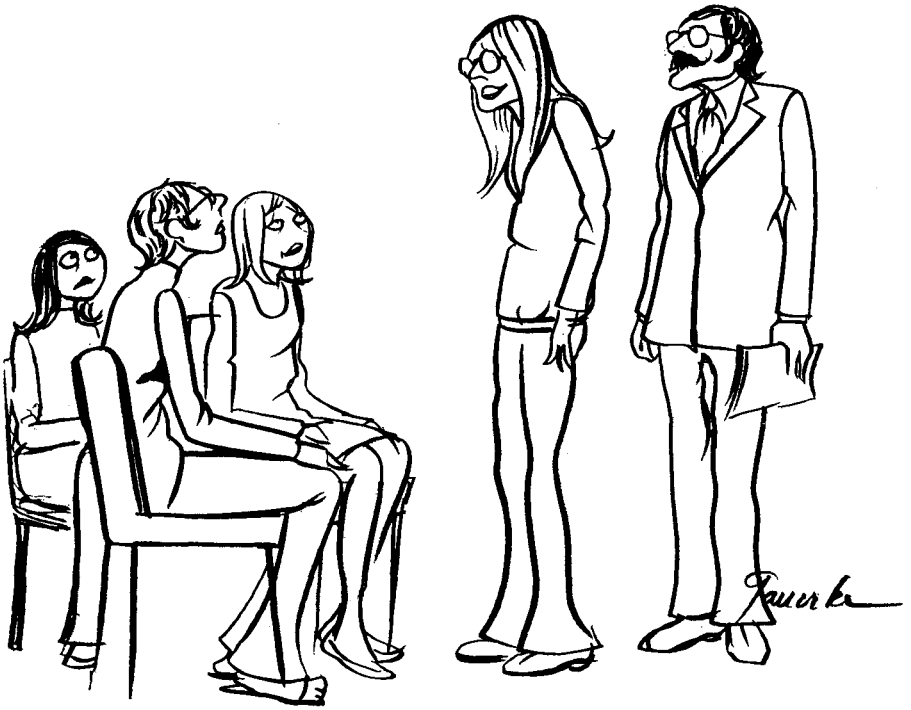

"Our speaker for tonight has authored several Women's Movement books—under the pseudonym of Jane Schindley."

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LETTER FROM LONDON

The Referendum Interlude

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

"It was, until recently," wrote one commentator in the London *Times*, himself a disillusioned ex-minister from a former Labor Government, "my firm belief that the most stupefying, boring experience to which any intelligent human being could possibly be exposed was a general election campaign. All those platitudes, those earnest psephologists, the union-bashing, the Tory-baiting, the sustained insult to the intelligence of a captive electorate. I was, it is now clear, quite wrong. The EEC referendum campaign has set new and unassailable standards."

Few people in Britain, except the passionate advocates on either side—the totally dedicated pro- and anti-Marketeers—would disagree with him. Going into Europe has never been seen by the British people as a great adventure, rather as a great bore; at best, an unfortunate necessity. Inflating the argument with several weeks of hot air made it no more interesting.

All the serious points about the nature of the European Economic Community, and the advantages and disadvantages of belonging to it, were amply discussed on television and in the newspapers, while the politicians—although grouped in strange new cross-party alliances—and their most zealous myrmidons lived down to the customary deplorable standard. Statistics about prices and jobs were hurled by each side at the other with complete recklessness. Truth, moderation, sober assessment, were, as in every political campaign, early casualties.

The anti-Marketeers made some particularly wild assertions: but the pro-Marketeers displayed, not only on the platform but in ordinary conversation, that special kind of self-righteous intolerance which seems to be the prerogative of men who pride themselves on being moderate and liberal. To disagree with them, these liberals implied, was the mark of an intellectual pariah: to vote against Europe was to vote for Chaos and Old Night.

When, amid a universal sigh of relief, Referendum Day finally came, the result was a landslide: 2 to 1 in favor of Britain's remaining a member of the European Common Market. This is what the opinion polls had been predicting. But two years ago, when Britain was pushed and dragged into Europe by Edward Heath, the opinion polls suggested a very different situation. At that time the British people were strongly opposed to Europe, and resented what was being done to them.

So why had they changed their minds? What has happened in the meanwhile? No tangible advantages have accrued from belonging to the Common Market, and the average Englishman is no more fond of garlic-eating foreigners than he ever was. The answer is political, concerned with the referendum itself and the campaign.

Wilson's Way Out

The first point to understand—and it was very widely understood both in Britain and in Europe—is why a referendum was held at all. When Harold Wilson was Prime Minister before, he was in favor of joining Europe and against holding a referendum. Then, having lost the election of 1970, he had to watch Mr. Heath successfully completing the negotiations the Labor Government had begun: but Mr. Heath was vulnerable, having promised not to take Britain into Europe without "the full-hearted consent" of the British people—which he had patently not obtained. Meanwhile, Mr. Wilson had a problem of his own. The Labor Party was hopelessly and dangerously split over Europe; the "moderates," led by Roy Jenkins, being ardently in favor, and the quasi-Marxist left wing, led by Anthony Wedgwood-Benn (who nowadays likes to be called "Tony Benn" as a gesture of proletarian solidarity) and including the most militant union leaders, being implacably hostile, mainly because they thought that the Common Market rules might hinder them in

Mr. Lejeune reports regularly in NR *on the political scene in Britain.*

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pushing Britain down the road to complete socialism.

The referendum was Mr. Wilson's way out. By promising first to "renegotiate" the terms of entry into Europe and then to "consult the people" directly, he managed to hold his party together until after the election, gain kudos for being more democratic than Mr. Heath, and deprive the Conservatives of any credit for having made the historic commitment to Europe. It was a characteristically ingenious maneuver; heads I win, tails you lose.

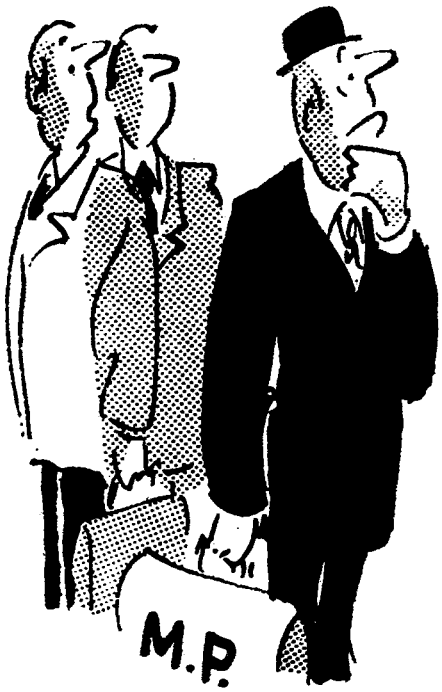
The Conservatives were furious. They feared that the result of the referendum might actually be to take Britain out of Europe again, which they genuinely believed would be a national disaster, and they disapproved anyway of so populist a device. Referenda, they said, were incompatible with the parliamentary system, and the subject of Europe, in particular, was far too complicated for ordinary people to judge. They were right; a referendum is incompatible with the parliamentary system, but the British public at the moment has no great admiration for Parliament, at least not for the House of Commons as presently constituted. Ordinary people are indeed unfit to judge the highly complicated arguments about Europe: but, by the same criterion, they are certainly not fit to make the even more complicated judgment required of them at a general election, when two whole bundles of policies have to be weighed against each other. So these arguments failed to convince, and the idea of a referendum became distinctly popular.

It helped Mr. Wilson to regain power. He was further helped by Enoch Powell and a number of anti-Market Conservatives who believed that voting Labor was the only hope of getting Britain out of Europe.

All for One, One for All

In reality, of course, Mr. Wilson never for a moment intended that Britain should leave the Common Market—the immediate effect of which would have been the collapse of the pound and probably the destruction of his government. The "renegotiations" were a fraud, merely part of a continual bargaining process between the members of the European community: but they enabled him to claim that he had achieved better terms than Mr. Heath, so that the Labor Government could now recommend staying in Europe. Mr. Heath himself—and Jeremy Thorpe, the leader of the Liberal Party—had no choice but, in effect, to support the Labor Government during the referendum campaign.

The press too (with the exception of the Communist *Morning Star*) and almost every respectable trendy group ("Writers for Europe," "Christians for Europe," and so on), urged a Yes vote. The BBC maintained a strict balance, but the debate was loaded nevertheless. The opinion of Commonwealth governments and of the American government (which has always underrated the degree of anti-Americanism implicit in the European community) was recruited for the pro-Market side. The anti-Marketeers' slogan—"Out of Europe and into the World"—was made to seem hollow. The only doubt was whether such an Establishment consensus might not be counterproductive. The unique opportunity of voting against all three political parties simultaneously might prove irresistible.



Holland, *London Daily Telegraph* Rothco

"After the Referendum campaign he can't remember which party he belongs to."

It didn't. The pro-Market faction carried the day, for three main reasons: First, that Britain's membership in the EEC was now a *fait accompli*. The alternatives—a Commonwealth (or an Atlantic) Free Trade Area—seemed no longer available. It was easier, less disruptive, to stay in Europe than to come out, even though many people would have preferred not to be there in the first place. The second reason, linked with the first, was fear. The pro-Marketeers succeeded in frightening people about the consequences of withdrawal. Britain would be alone, defenseless, in a hostile world. Industry would decay; food supplies might dry up; there would be a siege economy.

Commissar Benn

And who would be the political beneficiaries, the ruling commissars, when the shutters had come down? The third and conclusive reason why the anti-Marketeers lost so heavily was Mr. Anthony Wedgwood-Benn. He is the darling of some trade unionists and of the far Left, but almost everybody else in Britain has been thoroughly alarmed by him. He is an ideologue, a populist fanatic, a believer in workers' control and the limitless use of taxpayers' money for political ends. By becoming the most vociferous spokesman for the anti-Market cause, he changed the whole nature of the campaign. People who might otherwise have voted against Europe felt that, in doing so, they would be voting for a Marxist Britain.

Amid the clamor surrounding Mr. Wedgwood-Benn the other principal, and infinitely more rational, anti-Marketeer, Enoch Powell, was scarcely able to make himself heard. He attacked the involvement with Europe for being—as it certainly is—a derogation of British sovereignty. But Britain is in too depressed a mood to care much about sovereignty. The point was caustically put by the right wing commentator, Peregrine Worsthorne. "The prospect of now, or in the foreseeable future, being once again governed by a sovereign British Parliament," he wrote in the *Sunday Telegraph,* "or worse, by a sovereign British people, fills me with disquiet, since in neither do I any longer have much faith. Left entirely to our own volition, I fear an increasingly rapid drift into ungovernability or, even worse, governability only on Socialist terms."

So the anti-Marketeers lost, the pro-Marketeers won, and, for the moment at least, the argument is over. Britain will stay in Europe. It remains only to

(Continues on page 737)

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Railroads Deserve Liberty

Land of the Free

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

THE NATION'S RAILROADS are in danger of going the way of the Penn Central. Last February the United States Railway Association issued its plan for the Northeast's bankrupt rails in accord with the Regional Rail Reorganization Act of 1973. The plan provides for cutting down on track, reducing services, and merging facilities. It also provides for *de facto* nationalization, because a majority of the Board of Directors of the Consolidated Rail Corporation are to be government men so long as the debt of the new system is more than 50 per cent owed to the Federal Government. Initial plans, corrected for inflation, imply a federal loan of $6 billion. It seems doubtful that the rails, under such an arrangement, will ever again enjoy liberty.

And if that seems doubtful, it is absolutely certain that any government-run railroad would continue to "observe" the labor union practices that have brought the country's railways to their knees. The practices are vestiges of nineteenth century operating conditions and twelfth century economics. Train crews are considered to have done a day's work if they run one hundred miles. This system gives crewmen a day's pay for as little as two hours' work. Another rule requires each train or engine to have an engineer, a conductor, and two trainmen, without regard to the actual need based on considerations of safety or efficiency. There are irrational and arbitrary rules for the starting times of yard engines: they can commence work *only* between the hours of 6:30 and 8:00 in the morning, or between 2:30 and 4:00 in the afternoon, or between 10:30 and 12:00 at night. So if you need an engine at 2:15, you have to start it at 12:00! Road crews have assigned limits of operation; if they exceed those limits, even for a minute or two, the rules require that they be paid a full additional day's pay! Yard crews and road crews are strictly segregated, so that it becomes necessary to hire double crews at certain installations simply to observe a rule.

These little rulebook jottings mount up into astronomical sums of money—money paid by the rails for useless wages. Under these rules, to move a train three hundred miles, three crews of four or five men each are required. However, if the rails were run like any other industry, the train could be moved by two men performing a normal eight-hour shift. *The labor cost is padded by 600 per cent.*

This need not be. Section 6 of the Railway Labor Act permits a management to serve notice of its desire to change the work rules. The union can respond and negotiate, the proceedings can go into arbitration, and if the management dislikes the arbiter's ruling it can install its own work rules—and the unions can go out on strike. The Florida East Coast Railway did just that, serving notice in 1960, exhausting the procedures by 1966, and entering, in effect, the free market in 1966.

In the last five years Florida East Coast's operating ratio (expenses divided by revenues) has averaged 69.09—versus 79.19 for the U.S. average. Its transportation ratio in the last five years has averaged 23.41—versus 39.61 for the U.S. average. It has spent more than twice the national average on maintenance of way and structures—26.37 per cent of operating revenues, versus the 13.80 per cent U.S. average. Whereas the nation's rails are deteriorating, Florida East Coast has installed 261 miles of centralized traffic control (it operates 499 miles over all), 238 miles of welded track, 134 miles of concrete crossties, electronic hotbox detectors at approximately twenty-mile intervals, automatic crossing protection at 74 per cent of all crossings, 18 3,000-horsepower locomotives (32 per cent of fleet), 700 freight cars (56 per cent of fleet), and 310 auto racks (100 per cent of fleet). All paid from earnings—and the debt, meanwhile, has been reduced from $50 million to $18 million.

Unions argue that cutting the crews, etc., etc., will make for dangerous operation. Florida East Coast has proven that its way is far *safer*. Train accidents per million train miles, in the last five years, averaged 2.7 at Florida East Coast and 9.9 for the nation. Employee injuries per million manhours, in the last five years, were 4.5 at Florida East Coast and 10.8 for the national average.

The company, in an excellent "Open Letter to Congress" (from which these statistics derive), points out that the inefficiencies of the labor rules lead to tremendous inefficiencies in capital programing. "A major problem facing the railroad industry today is the car supply and the debt being incurred by financing new freight cars. Actually, there is no real car shortage. The problem is the lack of utilization. In 1973, the average freight car moved only 57.7 miles per day, but far more frequent and improved service could increase this substantially. While an 85-mile-per-day average is a rather insignificant goal, if attained this would mean a 50 per cent increase in the effective car supply in the nation without incurring any debt. This is the type of saving being passed up because of the inefficiencies created by antiquated operating work rules. To purchase a 50 per cent increase in the nation's car supply at today's prices would cost more than $16 billion."

THE CASE seems clear. If the rail managements would take the initiative and change the work rules, they could operate the nation's rails at vastly reduced expense, probably with increased safety, surely with better service, while improving the physical plant, paying off the debt, and staying out of the taxpayers' pockets. The railroads should enjoy the freedom of setting their own work rules, and the taxpayers should enjoy the freedom of not paying for "services" they don't want—such as 15 men doing the work of two. Liberty, anyone? □

William F. Rickenbacker is editor of the Rickenbacker Report, *an investment advisory service, and publisher of the* Financial Book Digest.

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Arts & Manners

PLACES

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

Sirmione

Like a gigantic protecting arm the high rampart of the Alps curves around the northern borders of Italy, cradling in its embrace the fertile basin of the River Po. Amid the foothills of the mountains, where streams fed by melting snows rush down the Alpine valleys, nature has set five lakes of sapphire-blue: Maggiore, Lugano, Como, Iseo, and—largest and easternmost of them all—Garda, known to the ancient Romans as Lacus Benacus.

Thirty-two miles long from north to south, ten miles wide, and in places over a thousand feet deep, Lake Garda is justly considered one of the chief ornaments of the famed Italian Lake District. The Alps themselves serve as a considerable barrier to the southern advance of winter, making the region one of the mildest in northern Italy. Along the shores of the lake can be found innumerable groves of lemon and orange trees, testifying to the gentleness of the climate, as well as scores of the more familiar olive orchards. The western shore, especially in the vicinity of Salò, is a resort area even in winter, and has inevitably been dubbed the "Garda Riviera" by some inspired local promoter. On the east the shore is more rugged, but even here one finds the charming little lakeside town of Bardolino, which has given its name to the justly famous red wine made from the grapes of the vineyards surrounding it on three sides.

Near the center of the southern base of the lake a narrow promontory juts inexplicably northward into its waters: a slender wedge of land, seldom more than a mile wide and perhaps four or five times as long. This is the famous peninsula of Sirmione, best remembered these past two thousand years as the retreat of the great Roman lyric poet Catullus, who lived in Verona some thirty miles east but had a modest place at what was then called Sirmio.

Today Sirmione is one of Lake Garda's most entrancing little resort towns—favored more, perhaps, by the Germans, the British, and the Italians themselves than by Americans, but with a thoroughly cosmopolitan flavor all the same. During the high season modest sailing vessels, luxury speedboats, and sleek lake steamers jostle each other along its waterfront, while honeymoon couples and families with children of all ages vie with lean hikers, curvaceous sunbathers, and camera-toting sightseers in the narrow streets and café-crowded squares of the little town.

At the narrowest point on the waist of the peninsula, obviously situated there to control passage to and fro, is a handsome *castello* of the Scaligers, a prominent Veronese family of the Renaissance. High on its outer wall one can still see the carved figure of the winged lion of St. Mark—symbol of Venice, and a sharp reminder that the power of that Most Serene Republic once extended inland to (and beyond) Lake Garda.

NORTH OF the *castello* the promontory widens slightly again, and the road begins to rise. If we are old, infirm, or simply tired, a little car-drawn "train" is available to carry us comfortably uphill that last mile. When it stops we step out—and now Lake Garda glistens below us, on three sides.

Somewhere near here Catullus had his "grotto." There is even a sign that points to a sort of cave halfway down the rocky side of the promontory, confidently proclaiming it the "Grotta di Catullo"; but I doubt seriously whether anybody knows just where, on this peninsula, Catullus actually lived in that far-off first century before Christ.

What we do know is that a hundred years later, during the imperial era of the first century after Christ, some nameless Roman millionaire bought this high land at the northern tip of the peninsula and built here a truly sumptuous villa. We know, because its extensive ruins are before us—zealously guarded and still under careful excavation by the Department of Antiquities of the government of Italy.

THERE IS a fine map to explain the villa to us: what has been explored; what remains to be excavated; what purpose this long room or that adjoining building served; where the kitchen was, and the servants' quarters, and the stables. But one can recapture some notion of how it all must have looked nineteen centuries ago, and sense some part of the pride its anonymous owner must have felt, simply by strolling between those walls, and up those staircases, and past those toppled pillars, out onto what was surely the front lawn, with its breathtaking view of Lake Garda. Beyond its blue immensity, eastward and westward, lie low purple shores, heavy with orchards. In front, the lake stretches away to the horizon—where on clear days one can glimpse the snowclad profile of the Alps themselves. Below us, a sailboat is a patch of white against the water's deep blue—a boat not very different in principle, one supposes, from those that must have sailed beneath this headland in the summer sunshine or twilight of the year 75 A.D.

When we have inspected the villa, there will be time to stop at one of the small tourist hotels nearby and enjoy, on its shaded terrace, a tasty lunch of trout from the lake, washed down with a local *vino bianco*. Then back down the hill, through the gay little town with its shops and bright awnings, past the ochre walls of the imperious *castello*, and out by car to the main highway: the great *Autostrada Serenis-*

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You won't find these articles in TIME or NEWSWEEK

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sima between Venice and Milan. Here it is all fast sports cars and rattletrap station wagons and trailer-trucks with diesel motors spewing fumes that would precipitate a baby revolution back home; and there is little to remind us that, not far away, Catullus had his "grotto," or that a century after him some wealthy Roman decided that at Sirmio he too could write, if only in stone, a poem that many generations would enjoy. □

The PRINTED WORD

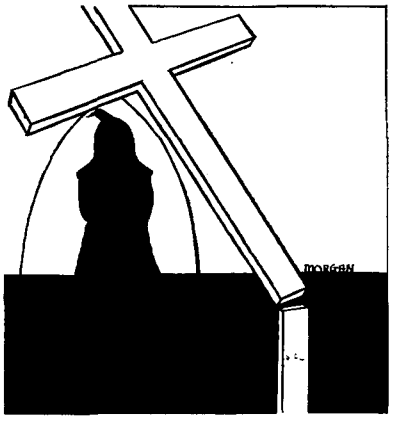
M. J. SOBRAN JR.

Dialoguing

Commonweal, the Catholic version of *The Nation*, has lately been driven by hardship to cut back from weekly to bi-weekly publication. Its format is so drab as to make *The New Republic* look like *The National Geographic* by comparison. Such austerity bespeaks conviction, but the conviction is less religious than political. Though traditionally Roman Catholic, it seems to have been taken over by Irish Unitarians, politically progressive types who think of Christianity as an interesting possibility.

Commonweal's frame of reference is almost wholly secular. Christ is not often mentioned, and even then it is as social preceptor rather than as Savior. I can hardly imagine a reference to the Trinity or the Virgin Mary in its pages, let alone saints, sacraments, miracles, rosaries, holy water, the resurrection of the dead.

It is understandable that *Commonweal*, whose contributors are academically sophisticated, should find old-fashioned supernaturalism implausible, not to say embarrassing. But then, the Church used to glory in the implausibility of what it called these mysteries, which is quite a different thing from believing them out of gullibility. *Credo quia absurdum*. God had chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise. *Commonweal* is strictly for the wise. It is more likely to ridicule fellow Catholics who strike it as backward, including the Pope, than unbelievers, pornographers, atheists; a recent article by one John Cort about South Boston's antibusing Irish reminded one less of the ancient world's marveling at the mutual love of Christians than of Dr. Johnson's "The Irish are a fair people; they never speak well of one another." There is no faith here that would so far transgress the principles of tolerance and ecumenical goodwill as to preach the gospel to every creature. *Commonweal* Catholicism is not something you are converted to; it is something you are born with, stuck with, resigned to.



An editorial a few months ago derided the Pope ("We are a family and we owe it to our father to speak to him honestly," it explained) for treating "the so-called 'deposit of faith' as if it were a lump of gold in a strong-box," for his "outdated ecclesiology" and "inappropriate lifestyle," and for being "out of touch with the movement of history." The Pope, it went on, "does not dialogue well with his own time." One who does is Father Robert Drinan, the Jesuit congressman, who recently wrote on the Bartlett amendment: "It seems to me that, whatever one's view of abortion might be, a law terminating Medicaid benefits for indigent pregnant women who elect to terminate their pregnancies by abortion cannot be justified by any legal or constitutional norm." Let us take pains never to sound sectarian: ". . . whatever one's view of abortion might be . . ." Now *there's* dialoguing for you. Our secular morality requires us to lay aside narrow views and to put up the money for poor people's abortions. It has been a long time since a Mr. Dooley could remark that it was as hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven as it was for a poor man to get out of purgatory. Our contemporary egalitarians seem not even to believe that a poor man can get into hell. But then, hell too is among those subjects that are not discussed in the polite society of *Commonweal*.

Speaking of "The Religion of the Day," John Henry Newman reproached his age for being lukewarm in its Christianity. "The present age," he observed, "is the very contrary to what are commonly called the Dark Ages; and together with the faults of those ages we have lost their virtues. I say their virtues; for even the errors then prevalent, a persecuting spirit, for instance, fear of religious inquiry, bigotry, these were, after all, but perversions and excesses of *real virtues*, such as zeal and reverence; and we, instead of limiting and purifying them, have taken them away root and branch. Why? Because we have not acted from a love of the truth, but from the influence of the age. . . . Here I will not shrink from uttering my firm conviction that it would be a gain to this country were it vastly more superstitious, more bigoted, more gloomy, more fierce in its religion than at present it shows itself to be. Not, of course, that I think the tempers herein implied desirable, which would be an evident absurdity; but I think them infinitely more desirable and more promising than a heathen obduracy, and a cold, self-sufficient, self-wise tranquillity." □

ART

RUTH BERENSON

Turkey Wing

In the eight years—it seems a lot longer—since Thomas Hoving metamorphosed from Mayor Lindsay's swinging (that was the word then) Parks Commissioner to Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New Yorkers have had to watch the gradual but steady deterioration of one of the city's greatest cultural institutions. The series of horrors which Mr. Hoving has perpetrated seem, in retrospect, unending: the old façade ripped off; the lawns and trees replaced by a dreary sea of concrete; the monumental entrance hall turned into an airport lounge, complete with gift shops, information desks, and waiting-room furniture; headline-making multimillion-dollar works of art, sometimes of dubious provenance, acquired while staff scholars are ignored and pushed around to the point that they have to picket to call public attention to what's been going on; sensationalist exhibitions, worthless except for the publicity they generate—remember "Harlem on My Mind"?—countered all too seldom by such veritable triumphs as "The Great Age of Fresco" or this spring's "Scythian Gold."

New Yorkers must learn to live with

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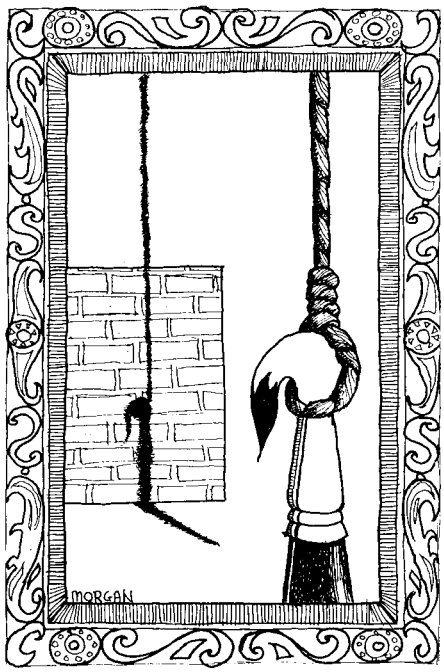
another permanent disaster: the just-opened Lehman Wing, first completed portion of the Met's highly touted and always-written-with-capitals Master Plan. From the beginning the Lehman Wing has provoked opposition. Lovers of Central Park, furious watching their greensward shrink as the museum grew, made futile legal efforts to halt the Master Plan as a whole and the Lehman Wing in particular. And knowledgeable critics warned of the impossible conditions imposed by Robert Lehman on his gift of the collection assembled by himself and his father, Philip, a founder of the Lehman Brothers bank. These called for the erection of not simply a new building, but one incorporating exact duplicates of the rooms in the East 54th Street townhouse in which they had displayed their jewels. Bobbie, as his friends called him, intended to make sure that the Lehman name—and the Lehman taste—would be preserved for all times like flies in amber, an understandable obsession, perhaps, but one to which no responsible museum should agree since, as Paul J. Sachs, founder of American museology, used to tell his Harvard graduate students, it imposes unreasonable restrictions on the institution's future development. But Bobbie Lehman owned the finest assemblage of Old Masters still in private hands, and Tom Hoving was determined to get it for the Met. The result is farcical.

ARCHITECTURALLY, the new building, located on the museum's central axis and approached through the medieval sculpture hall behind the Grand Staircase (which Mr. Hoving was only just prevented from doing away with a few years ago), is absurd. Admittedly, the architects, Kevin Roche, John Dinkeloo and Associates, perpetrators of the Met's Fifth Avenue facelift, could not possibly have satisfied everyone who objected to the wing in the first place, and they shouldn't have tried. In order to placate the park lovers, they placed most of the structure underground so that, from the park, what you see is half a glass pyramid as a kind of greenhouse-like excrescence on the museum's never very edifying *derrière*. The Landmarks Commission having decreed that the wall of the museum's original 1880 building, a Ruskinian affair in red brick that used to be the museum's main entrance, must be kept sacrosanct, the architects hitched the new building onto it; it remains visible (though not, as it should be, from the outside), like a theatrical scrim left over from a failed production.

The wing's domed central court is surrounded by wide corridors. On the lower level the wonderful drawings—Dürers, Rembrandts—are shown; above, the nineteenth century paintings, uneven except for Ingres' magnificent portrait of the Princess de Broglie. From here one enters the "period rooms," labeled "Red Velvet Room,"



"Flemish Room," etc., in the well-illustrated but woefully incomplete Tourist Guide that substitutes for a proper catalogue. "What period are the rooms?" you may ask. You may, indeed. They're 1959, the product of a high-priced Parisian decorator commissioned to "recreate" the pastiche that masqueraded as "Renaissance" in the 1920s and '30s, Philip Lehman's heyday. The decorator's chief problem must have been how to find space enough for everything. As in most New York townhouses, the rooms are not large. Here, they're overcrowded in a fashion that went out with aspidistras and peacock feathers. Case upon case of garish Italian majolica, for which Lehman *père* must have had a veritable passion, competes for *Lebensraum* and attention with tables, chairs, credenzas, chandeliers, tapestries, bronzes—not to mention stairs, carefully roped off and leading nowhere, presumably to heighten the townhouse illusion. The marvelous pictures are hung on velveted or brocaded walls and spotlighted; they're often hard to see because you can neither back away from them nor examine them close up. And besides, one's concentration is sidetracked by the 1930s movie atmosphere; I kept expecting to run into Joan Crawford in a slinky white gown, lolling on a velvet sofa and waving a cigarette holder at the butler.

MR. HOVING'S penchant for sensational acquisitions notwithstanding, one wonders if no one—a trustee, perhaps, or has he brainwashed them all?—wanted first to look this gift horse squarely in the mouth. Only a few years ago, after long litigation, the Met finally extricated itself from the strings the department store magnate Benjamin Altman attached to his bequest, providing that his holdings be sequestered in galleries bearing his name, which made it impossible to integrate them with the rest of the museum's collections. In 1913, these conditions had not seemed onerous; by the 1950s, they had made logical gallery arrangement quite impossible. But the lesson was lost on Mr. Hoving, so the Met faces the same problem all over again: it is ludicrous that, for instance, Giovanni di Paolo's *Expulsion*, one of the fabulous jewels of the Lehman collection, cannot be seen next to its partner, the same artist's *Paradise*, hanging in the Italian painting galleries upstairs.

It would not have been a tragedy had the Met forgone the Lehman masterpieces. Mr. Lehman could have turned his townhouse into a museum, as Henry Clay Frick did, and achieved equal billing. Or he could have made good his threat to give the collection to another city. It is most unlikely that the National Gallery would have accepted the conditions he imposed, but they might have been less burdensome to a lesser institution, and the country as a whole might have benefited from the decentralization of art. But it's a safe bet that the Lehman gift will plague the Met for decades; it will also set a precedent for other collectors who might, had Mr. Hoving been less greedy, have bestowed their largesse with more becoming modesty. Meanwhile, if you can stand being crowded, by all means visit the Lehman Wing; it's got such wonderful things in it you may be able to ignore its donor's overdeveloped ego, and Mr. Hoving's underdeveloped sense of propriety. □

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BOOKS

The Libertarian Argument

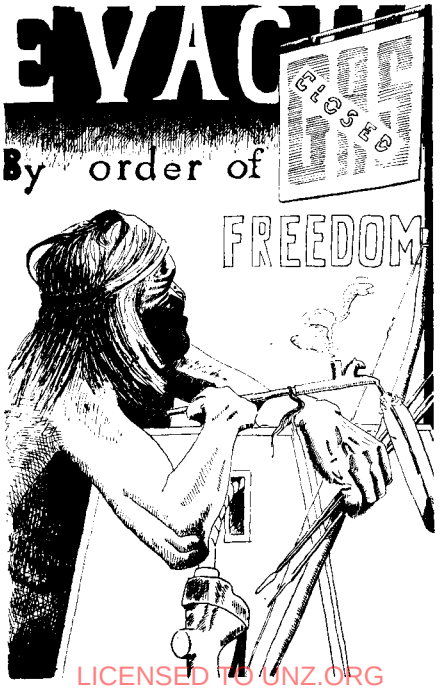
Anarchy, State, and Utopia
By Robert Nozick
Basic, 367 pp., $12.95

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

The renowned philosopher W. V. Quine pronounced this a "brilliant and important" book. It is. Nozick's remarkably original arguments—always valid and, therefore, true when his premises are—cast a revealing, often dazzling light on any topic he deals with. His subject is important—*tua res agitur* (it deals with you)—and his style agreeable. One cannot but be charmed by occasional felicities such as: "Marxian exploitation is the exploitation of people's lack of understanding of economics"; or "The reduction of an evil from two instances to one is as important as its reduction from one to zero. One mark of an ideologue is to deny this" (an admirable epigram). More cogent than John Rawls's magisterial but plodding *A Theory of Justice*, Nozick's theory also appeals to me because it favors liberty rather than the equality Rawls prefers. Together Nozick and Rawls are inaugurating a needed renaissance of political philosophy.

Let me sketch Nozick's argument. Some anarchists urge that we can do without the state because people are, or could become, so loving and sensible that no coercive authority is needed. (This would not actually suffice since we find no natural, universally acceptable hierarchy of goods. But let that go.) Nozick ignores this attempt to return to a prelapsarian state by wishful thinking. More sophisticated anarchists do not deny evil. They argue that no public authority can be justified to supersede individual autonomy; and that all conflicts could be settled and settlements enforced by voluntary arbitrations, protective associations, etc. In Part I Nozick shows that such private arrangements must lead to what he calls the minimal state (which he ingeniously justifies) to provide security for life, liberty, and property. In Part II he argues that no more extensive state is justifiable and that (to paraphrase Reinhold Niebuhr) if man is bad enough to make the minimal state necessary, he is also good enough to make it possible.

Most theories locate distributive justice in an end-result, either a pattern of equality—if one deserts desert as morally irrelevant and sees no merit in merit (as Rawls does)—or of inequality: to each according to his ability (measured in whatsoever way), effort, moral merit, need, or capacity to enjoy. Instead of the pattern theories, Nozick proposes an entitlement theory of justice that depends on a process, not on an end-result: everyone is entitled to everything he has gained by a legitimate process. Differences in opportunity, effort, ability, or property already owned will produce differences in earnings. People, entitled to their property or ability and to their efforts and opportunities, are entitled to these unequal results, regardless of merit or need.



The principle of distributive justice becomes: from each as he chooses, to each as he is chosen (given). If you are a good baseball player or singer (if you have a valued talent), and people are willing to pay to see or hear you, if you have a better or more cunning mind, discover oil, or are bequeathed or given as a gift property the donor legitimately acquired, you are entitled to keep all of what the legitimate use of these natural endowments and social or natural opportunities brings you. Theories which locate justice in a pattern of results have to prevent the singer, heir, discoverer, or entrepreneur from getting more than the pattern allows: "The socialist society would have to forbid capitalist acts between consenting adults," or else, the income earned must be redistributed. (Either way the government greatly hinders "capitalist acts," reduces productivity and freedom, and exacts bribes.)

In an entitlement world, the government would not take the property you are entitled to, or force you to work for me whenever you want to work by taking some of your earnings and giving them to me directly or indirectly. The justice of distribution is determined not

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by its pattern (according to need, merit, equality, etc.) but only by the historical process that brought it about: if the original abilities and holdings were legitimately acquired, used, and transferred, e.g., by nature, inheritance, gifts, free exchange, work, purchase, etc., then the distribution is ipso facto just.* Only force, fraud, theft, certain types of monopolization, and generally actions that interfere with the (narrowly defined) legitimate rights of others, or that make them positively and involuntarily worse off than they were before, are illegitimate, and only results achieved by illegitimate means can be rectified by the government. You are entitled to anything you have or get by legitimate actions or contracts.

Nozick's work is replete with fascinating arguments on ethics, psychology, and economics, to which I cannot do justice here. His libertarian theory is far more coherent than that of any of his predecessors, from John Locke to Ayn Rand. He meets philosophical arguments cogently on a highly sophisticated level, and his case against rival theories is altogether unassailable. He concludes (Part III) with a framework for Utopia in which different communities, run according to different principles, would be able to coexist, and individuals would be free to join or leave according to their inclination—a goal worth striving for, though the difficulties one all too readily can imagine are not fully met (as is customary in Utopia).

I FULLY SHARE Nozick's preference for a state that restricts itself more and people less, and his objection to the monstrously proliferating regulative, protective, and redistributive powers the welfare state has assumed. One out of eight New York City residents is now on welfare. Many others are employed by the city, state, or Federal Government, a disguised form of welfare (even when they work—some do—the desirability of their work is questionable). Innumerable government programs—poverty, drugs, farm supports, nondiscrimination, you name it—turn out to create far more permanent problems than those they were to solve. Usually the "solution" becomes the new problem. The Federal Government alone spends nearly a third of our national income now—and state and local governments are hot on its heels. Together they employ more than 15 per cent of the labor force directly. The governmental expenditures also cause untold unproductive costs to private firms. Thus an ever decreasing proportion of the population produces a national product redistributed or wasted by an ever increasing proportion kept or occupied unproductively by the government. One hopes that the trend is not inherent in democracy. But once the people are deluded into believing that everybody can live at everybody else's expense, such trends are hard to stop.

Under these circumstances one would like nothing better than to agree with Nozick. Yet I cannot. I do not accept his premises. I think his theory of justice inadequate, and the minimal state desirable perhaps, but not possible. Let me start with an all-too-familiar situation.

Suppose parents bring children into the world, but cannot be brought to support them. (Could the minimal state force them? Anyway, suppose the parents are not known, or the children are orphans.) These children are not entitled to anything that somebody else has earned or owns. Now suppose voluntary charity does not suffice to support them, and that people put Nozick in charge with only one mandate: be just. Unless he taxes individuals to support them (unless he coercively redistributes some money according to need) the children starve. If he taxes individuals to support the children (saying that they are entitled to be supported *qua* human?), then why not adults who would starve otherwise (the aged, sick, improvident, unfortunate)? We would be back in a society that does not rely on entitlement alone, but redistributes to the needy.*

Would Nozick's justice require the children to be left to starve. I think it was H. L. Mencken who sardonically remarked that "in politics it is often necessary to rise above principle."** Nozick manages to show that as much is necessary in philosophy. He argues that eating animals is hard to justify if their slaughter results in only a marginal pleasure to us. Might one argue that starving the children in my illustration to yield just as marginal a pleasure to those not taxed is equally unjustifiable? I would hate to be pushed too far along this road; and I admit we have gone too far. But a short stretch—ending at an arbitrary line—is indispensable. To sharpen the difference: Nozick would let the children starve rather than coerce people to support them. I would do the reverse. We both would prefer voluntary charity.

WITHIN any legal system distributive justice necessarily is entitlement: it is always legally just that individuals keep or acquire what they are legally entitled to—whether or not others need, want, or enjoy it more, or have less of it. But Nozick means to go beyond this trivial tautology. He insists that the law itself is just if it entitles us to whatever we can earn by non-coercive, non-fraudulent means, and unjust if it redistributes for the sake of any desired end-pattern of distribution. No taxation for redistribution, even with representation.

But why is it just for the law to entitle individuals to (roughly) whatever they can produce for themselves, neither less nor more? Nozick's theory here rests on individual rights which arise from a Lockean state of nature and are assumed without any serious attempt to justify them. I do not blame Nozick for this. (One cannot do everything in one book.) Yet I am not persuaded of the prevalence, even of the existence of natural rights (despite new and sophisticated defenders).

Rights are granted by governments, which also enforce them. Legislation—and only legislation (constitutional or congressional)—transforms individual claims (whether or not derived from God or nature) into rights by imposing them as obligations on others. That much is trivially true, and Nozick knows it. But he believes that there are "individual rights" that exist prior to and independently of constitutions, governments, and civil society, that nature somehow does, or should, dictate to the government what rights to grant. He nowhere explains why. Yet his theory rests on natural rights, just as Rawls's theory rests on a theoretical contract among risk-aversive rationalists. As I see it, neither theory does more than

*Unless supplemented by fairly strong restraints, Nozick's criterion would leave matters indeterminate: how far back would the legitimacy of holdings be traced? Would America (except for Manhattan?) be returned to the Indians (just perhaps, but rather a hardship for non-Indians)? This objection is not decisive, however, for, regardless of the baseline, the justice of distribution would rest on entitlement.

*Our redistribution at present substantially increases the number of the poor and improvident instead of reducing it. But this foolishness is beside the point. It argues against the way we are doing what we are doing. It is no argument for Nozick's solution.

**I quote from memory. Incidentally, it would be correct, but less sardonic (one always pays a price), to say "above inadequate principle."

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make the author's preferences explicit and plausible. Nozick's theory is more consistent and intuitively appealing. But that's not enough for what he wishes to do.

Disguised as nature, Nozick insists that of all the claims individuals may have, the claim to the fruits of their labor is a right. But unless revealed (and I have not been elected for this prevenient grace), rights are our own creations. Why then are we naturally more entitled to our own product than to happiness, minimization of suffering, love, existence, slavery, security, or equality? The general right to do as one wishes—liberty—is logically prior to the fulfillment of any particular wish. But liberty, whether (in Isaiah Berlin's terms) conceived of positively or negatively, is valuable only inasmuch as it can be used for the fulfillment of wishes beyond it. It is a means. One objects to restriction of liberty only inasmuch as it interferes with wishes one might conceivably have and might be able to gratify without the restriction. What if with less liberty more or more important wishes are fulfilled, e.g., by redistribution? If one prefers this state of affairs, Nozick merely shows that one violates rights he, not nature, prefers.

It is not because of a natural (moral) right, but because such entitlement is the least cumbrous and restrictive and the most incentive distributing device society has that I ought to be entitled to my natural gifts and to their fruits. But those who feel, as I do, that entitlements are our own creation can argue that they must be balanced against other rights we also create. Distributive justice then cannot be reduced either to entitlement—legitimate acquisition, origin, history (Nozick)—or to any desired end-result such as equality (Rawls). It includes both elements, a distribution according to merits (of whatever kind) and even needs, and according to entitlements. It cannot be reduced to either. Above all, distributive justice does not arise from nature alone and is not reducible to the brute and arbitrary fact that you are entitled to a natural endowment that is more or less valuable than someone else's. It is meaningful to say "nature is unjust" from an end-pattern view, although not from the entitlement view. Of course, society cannot do much to correct nature—but why can't we do a little?

Nozick argues that a minimal state is morally desirable, and I have registered some objections. He does not ask a necessary question: would a libertarian society be psychologically feasible? It is not, I believe, unless either nature leads us all to share values to the degree required by any society, or society can cohere without shared values. Neither is the case.

The legendary Menenius Agrippa went too far when he conceived of society as an organism. Individuals are not neurally linked: my thirst is not slaked when you drink. But rationalists, such as Nozick, go too far by regarding

society merely as a convenient organization of basically independent individuals, each equipped with the natural right to pursue happiness as he sees fit. There is no happiness to pursue unless there first are shared values, for it is the successful pursuit of these values that yields happiness. And these values are created, within the wide range nature allows, by social institutions. Indeed, unless there is a high degree of identification and solidarity which permits, invites, and exacts mutual sacrifices, charity, empathy, and concern, as it does among the members of a family, unless we have affection and compassion for each other, society can scarcely exist. We must be psychically linked as though an organism, so that we all become "involved in mankind," else human society perishes and only termites will survive. We cannot neglect the orphans in my illustration because they are psychically part of us. Unless individuals are tied together by affectional social bonds, rights can no more exist than societies can. Rights are but the rationalizations of these materially prior affectional ties.

Communal bonds are produced by tradition and history. But they must be fostered and protected by governments and by coercive institutions. Wherefore governmental justice cannot be confined to protecting individual entitlements, or liberty. Some common values must be politically fostered and protected against erosion. We need not go as far as Mao or Hitler, but we must go farther than Nozick would. It does not matter (here) what values are defended: they may differ according to history and may in Hindu India include the non-slaughtering of cows, in Israel the non-eating of pork, in Islamic countries the non-drinking of alcohol, among us the non-starving of the poor: redistribution. The fostering of common values may also require the prohibition of consensual individual actions inconsistent with these values. In short, if I am right, Nozick's unqualified libertarianism, the minimal state, must be replaced with a theory of justice and of the state which balances (1) entitlement as one principle of distribution *v.* a satisfactory pattern based on merit and need as another; 2) individual freedom *v.* the protection of traditional values on which the affectional bonds of society rest.

How can this balance be achieved? Redistribution could be balanced against entitlement by constitutionally limiting both. Thus the Federal Government might be prohibited constitutionally from a) taking more than 25 per cent of the annual national income; b) taking more than 50 per cent of the income of any person or corporation. States and cities could follow with similar limitations. Analogous constitutional prohibitions should limit the proportion of the population the government can employ in peacetime. Such an approach was proposed by Governor Reagan in California. It lost because ineptly presented. Yet I can see nothing better and more promising on the horizon. It is an approach which can be pursued by strict libertarians as well as by those who feel that we should go in their direction only for a stretch to restore balance.

With respect to liberty in other respects, our Constitution does outline a balanced approach. We need only follow it once more. □

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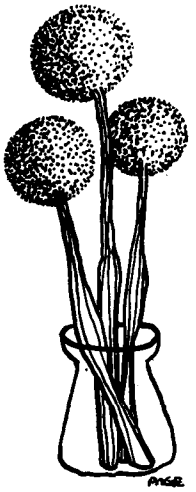
FICTION

They Don't Dance Much
By James Ross
Southern Illinois University Press, 302 pp., $8.95

AMERICAN EXISTENTIAL

D. KEITH MANO

"He took the cigarette and stuck the burning end in the corner of Bert's eye; the one that was bleeding. Bert squirmed and began blowing. Smut put one hand over Bert's mouth and went on with his eye-burning." That last composite verb logs the drift of *They Don't Dance Much*, a novel written by James Ross more than 35 years ago. The hyphen has designated a new verb/noun relationship on its way toward standard usage. In my 1896 *Webster's* the verb to "water-proof" is hyphenated. In my 1962 *Webster's*, after seven decades of silicone and epoxy resin technology, it appears as "waterproof." The tacit assumption—enforced by Ross's laconic "went on with"—is that eye-burning will in time be eyeburning, a household item.



THE NARRATOR is Jack MacDonald. Later Jack will mention in passing that two peripheral characters "had on boots and looked like they'd been rabbit-hunting." The boots have no significance; rabbit-hunting and eye-burning get an equivalent tonal heft. Jack reports as airport metal detectors will report: the same alarm registered for a grenade or for a set of keys in your pocket. This eerie unselectiveness constitutes terror. Jack wants money, sure; nonetheless, he has gone to visit Bert unaware of Smut's brutal intent. At one point during the torture-murder he turns away. That physical reflex denotes his sole explicit judgment. With gun and flashlight in hand, Jack maintains the dispassionate voice of a third person observer.

This is the American existential. It could be the one authentic existential in fiction. *L'Etranger* opens with these sentences: "Mother died today. Or perhaps it was yesterday, I don't know." Meursault plays coy with the absurd. Those first sentences announce his tone: life will be shrugged at. Camus, while not a card-carrying existentialist, fellow-traveled now and then. He acknowledged the Sartrean platform: intellect is useless before a cruel and haphazard existence. As man perceives the futility of his effort to comprehend human life through reason, he perceives also his essential aloneness. Aloneness means freedom, but the retail price of that freedom is despair. anguish, Sartre's famous *nausée*. The French, in the French manner, philosophized an unphilosophy. Instead of the more appropriate Zen slap, they wrote novels that worried the point, either with precious dialogue or with billboard-sized symbols. Jack MacDonald, on the other hand, *is* an existentialist. Alone, forlorn, cornered by the absurd, without a structured morality—free—Jack is never self-conscious as are all the French existential characters. He has almost nothing to say for himself. Bert died today. There is no theatrical "perhaps" about it.

Ross, now a North Carolina newspaperman, has said of *They Don't Dance Much*: "When I began writing this book late in 1939, I had no outline and no real plot in mind." An existential statement if I ever heard one. Can you imagine Camus saying that of *La Chute* or Sartre saying it of *Les Chemins de la Liberté*? And one tends to believe Ross. *They Don't Dance Much* was his only novel. Such nonchalance. Can you imagine a Camus or a Sartre blasé enough to write just one novel in fifty-plus years? *C'est incroyable*.

Doubly *incroyable* because *They Don't Dance Much* is a splendid book. Jack may not be selective, but his vision is 20/20 and wonderfully colloquial. "The sheriff was a short, thick fellow, and so bowlegged that he couldn't hem up a pig in a ditch." The novel takes place in a sort of DMZ: Smut's roadhouse near the North Carolina/South Carolina border, state between states, impermeable to morality and unselective as public places must be. In an afterword George V. Higgins has classified this as realistic fiction. He doesn't get the gist. True, *They Don't Dance Much* belongs with the fiction of Chandler and Hammett, a cousin twice removed. But private-eye novels are just superficially realistic. Heroes alone; heroes unmarried, without property, transient. Natty Bumppo and Ishmael. The informing tension comes not from man in society (realism), but from that characteristic American formula, man against wilderness, whether that wilderness is primeval forest or ocean or bleak urban landscape. Alone. Existential and, in Richard Chase's term, romantic. Three decades ago only America among Western nations had room for existential romances of this size. French authors probably sensed this: which may be why they so often annexed the North African desert in their fiction.

They Don't Dance Much is eighth in a Southern Illinois University Press series called Lost American Fiction. The editor notes, "It is our special ambition to resurrect more worthwhile buried novels." Southern Illinois should be congratulated: particularly in a time when your average paperback lasts six or seven days on the bookrack before it gets replaced—about as much shelf-life as a quart of milk. □

James and John Stuart Mill: Father and Son in the Nineteenth Century
By Bruce Mazlish
Basic, 484 pp., $16.95

FATHERS AND SONS

STEPHEN J. TONSOR

John Stuart Mill is enjoying a vogue. The reason is not difficult to discern, for Mill's works are the classic formulations of the modern idea of responsible freedom and sexual equality. Mill is so striking precisely because he directly challenges so many of the contemporary liberal shibboleths and, what is more, challenges them in the name of liberalism. Who, indeed, has a better claim to being called a liberal than the man who invented the position?

Still, it does seem that contemporary liberalism is busy, in a sort of parody of Oedipal rebellion, repudiating the father of modern liberalism. It did not surprise us when Gertrude Himmelfarb in her recent study of Mill ex-

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amined his liberalism and found it to be ultimately destructive. Her position is conservative and her sympathies and affinities are much closer to Carlyle than to Mill. It does surprise us a bit, however, when a liberal who has come fresh from a trendy boulevardese attack on Richard Nixon turns the same blunt instruments on John Stuart Mill. For how else is one to interpret this long *ad hominem* argument? Fathers cannot help what they are after they are dead and sons must learn to live with their heritage; even liberal sons whose acknowledgment of sonship usually does not go beyond spending the old man's money.

AND THIS book, disguised as history and tricked out in the elaborate trappings of social and psycho-history, is indeed a long *ad hominem* argument. It seeks to "explain" the ideas of James and John Stuart Mill in terms of Freudian psychological motivations. In doing so it does not rise much above the level of the Freud-Bullitt psychobiography of Woodrow Wilson or the Langer-OSS study of Adolf Hitler. All these studies tell us far more about the dark and often twisted minds of the authors and their concealed desire to punish than they do about the subjects with whom they so dishonestly deal.

For it is, finally, a matter of dishonesty when a historian presents as evidence matters which must remain conjectural and on the basis of this conjectural "evidence" makes assertions concerning both behavior and the social configurations of the historic past. As Jacques Barzun has recently pointed out in his book, *Clio and the Doctors: Psycho-History, Quanto-History, and History*, the basic postulate of psycho-history violates the commonly accepted rule of historical method that the evidence which the historian employs be accessible to other historians and assessable by them. It is no more legitimate to assert that John Stuart Mill wrote as he did because of Oedipal rebellion than it is to assert that he was in the employ of the Grand Orient and that his mission in life was the triumph of Freemasonry. On the face of it there is as much accessible evidence for the one as the other.

There is a vulgarity and nastiness in these meretricious ascriptions of motive and dynamic in the lives of men. We cannot be permitted to love liberty out of interior convictions; we must be in unconscious rebellions against our fathers. We cannot mislay and accidentally destroy the manuscript of a friend as John Stuart Mill mislaid and destroyed the first volume of Carlyle's *History of the French Revolution*; we must be acting out of envy and unconscious rejection of our friend's conclusions. We cannot respect the marriage bond nor practice continence as a desirable means to an important cultural end; we must be so sexually inhibited as to border on perversion. Unlike Madame de Staël the psycho-historian explains everything and forgives nothing. Indeed, he usually appears to act out of a concealed animus.

It is one thing to attack Richard Nixon and quite another to employ the same methods on the Mills, father and son. The living can take care of themselves but the dead are helpless. Perhaps Mazlish should stick with the living. He might even find suitable employment with the CIA drawing up psychoanalytic profiles of people such as Daniel Ellsberg. In the Soviet Union the concentration camp becomes an insane asylum. What Professor Mazlish has done is to apply these techniques retroactively and describe the results as history.

THERE IS a law of parsimony, in historical study which is as strong as the law of parsimony which prevails in the natural sciences. That explanation which embraces all the known facts and is at the same time the simplest is probably the correct explanation. One of the chief difficulties with psychohistorical explanations of the genesis of ideas is the fact that such explanations are so ornate, so baroque in character. They complicate rather than enhance our understanding of the ideas in question.

Even were we to admit the validity of this particular variety of psychohistory we would have to question the appropriateness of *ad hominem* arguments of any kind to intellectual history. The source of an idea is relatively unimportant and men must constantly be reminded not to be afraid to pick

RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: Last year's Ali-Foreman bout is pondered by Mailer in *The Fight* (Little, Brown, $7.95). . . . Edwin P. Hoyt probes the battle of the Coral Sea in *Blue Skies and Blood* (Eriksson, $10). . . . Eleanor Marx, Rosa Luxemburg, and Angelica Balabanoff are studied by Ronald Florence in *Marx's Daughters* (Dial, $10).

■ AUGUST TITLES: Norton assembles a collection *From the Diaries of Felix Frankfurter* ($12.50). The same house describes the text of *Dostoevsky* by second wife Anna as definitive ($12.50). . . . C. David Heymann identifies his *Ezra Pound* as a political profile (Viking, $10). . . . Susan Sontag collects her essays *On Photography* (Farrar, $7.95). The same house is featuring Paul Horgan's *Lamy of Santa Fe* ($15), life of the first archbishop there (and the subject of Willa Cather's *Death Comes for the Archbishop*). . . . James Jones still mining *WWII*, this time helped by a collection of combat art (Grosset, $20). The same house has a new Chaplin autobiography, *My Life in Pictures*, this one with more photos than the 1964 life ($20). . . . What ever happened to A. J. Cronin? He just finished a novel for Little, Brown called *Desmonde* ($7.95). The same publisher assembles Mailer's writings on the 1960-1972 conventions in *Some Honorable Men* ($12.50).

Sally Quinn contemplates her flop on CBS News in *We're Going to Make You a Star* (Simon & Schuster, $7.95). The same house expects lively sales from a new Napoleonic novel by R. F. Delderfield, *Seven Men from Gascony* ($8.95). . . . Yale's R. W. B. Lewis portrays *Edith Wharton* for Harper ($15). . . . Ruth Lor Malloy offers, with a straight face, *Travel Guide to the People's Republic of China* (Morrow, $6.95). . . . Pro-women, anti-Women's Lib: *The Retreat from Motherhood* by Samuel L. Blumenfeld (Arlington, $7.95). The same publisher has a critique of the National Council of Churches, C. Gregg Singer's *The Unholy Alliance* ($11.95).

■ PAPERBACKS: *The Timeless Moment: A Personal View of Aldous Huxley* is by widow Laura (Celestial Arts, $4.95). . . . Dan Rather and Gary Paul Gates register one last, long hiss at the Nixon crowd in *The Palace Guard* (Warner, $1.95). The same house will reprint Edwin Newman's plea for the mother tongue, *Strictly Speaking* (Sept., $1.95). . . . *Star Trek Lives!* proclaim Jacqueline Lichtenberg, Sandra Marshak, and Joan Winston. Cultists will understand (Bantam, $1.95). . . . Widely praised was Leonard Mosley's life of Hermann Goering, *The Reich Marshal* (Dell, $1.75).

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an idea out of the gutter. The test of any idea is its consequences rather than its source. It does not really matter that Rousseau suffered from paranoia or that Abraham Lincoln's fits of depression bordered on the abnormal. Even were we able to link psychological state directly to the genesis of the public idea we would in no way touch its validity or utility.

Nor could we thus account for its reception by the public mind. Such accounts leave unexplained the sociological moment and the claims and tests of its validity which alone account for the widespread acceptance of ideas. Of course men can be wrong on such judgments but it is a public wrongness and not a private one.

Finally, there is not the remotest chance that the public acceptance of the ideas of the Mills or their permanent reputation will be influenced by this book. Langer's scatological imagination was not able to do that even to Hitler. To nearly everyone except George Wallace the explanation for Adolf Hitler's ideas and behavior is a simple one: he was an evil man. The explanation of the source of John Stuart Mill's ideas is equally simple: he loved and understood Freedom and knew the kinds of sacrifices that were necessary in order to procure and enjoy it. □

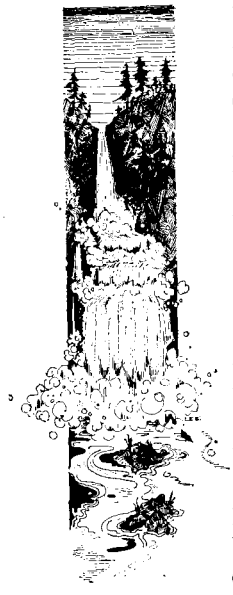
The Sea Change: The Migration of Social Thought, 1930–1965
By H. Stuart Hughes
Harper, 283 pp., $10

PERPETUATING THE LEGEND

NORBERT MUHLEN

In the 1930s, a large number of European intellectuals left their Hitler-ruled homelands and came to America. Whether this migration amounted to "the most important cultural event—or series of events—of the second quarter of the twentieth century," as H. Stuart Hughes, Gurney Professor of History and Political Science at Harvard, states *ex cathedra* at the outset of his book, seems as questionable as most superlatives used by advertising men and political candidates. Surely some of these European refugees who taught and wrote in this country became influential in the development of its intellectual life. But how did the American experience influence their own thinking? Did "the sea change" change their views, and if so, did it enrich their work, "give it a bite and specificity that it had lacked before," or did their thought "become shallower" in the new habitat? Mr. Hughes proposes to answer these interesting questions.

But after he states the theme of his



inquiry on page 4, it appears to have slipped his mind entirely for the remaining 272 pages. Instead, he narrates the contents of works by some "social thinkers" selected in a manner which is as odd as it is arbitrary. For no visible reason, he starts his survey with a lengthy and hazy essay on the philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein, and a comparison of the novelist Thomas Mann with the novelist Hermann Hesse, although neither Wittgenstein nor Hesse showed the slightest interest in "social thought," and neither was a refugee from Hitler, let alone a migrant to America. Hesse never even visited America.

When it comes to the figures who actually were social thinkers as well as refugees from dictatorship and migrants to America, Mr. Hughes's choice is hardly less surprising—and misleading. With one exception, he selects only epigones of Karl Marx and Sigmund Freud to represent Europe's exiled social thought in America during the Nazi years. In fact, his intellectual landscape is exclusively populated by radical socialists and revolutionaries, led by Herbert Marcuse, Theodor W. Adorno, Max Horkheimer, while eminent conservatives, traditionalists, and anti-Marxists such as Eric Voegelin, Leo Strauss, Walter Kaufmann are not even mentioned. Extensive attention is paid to the pedestrian Marxist Franz Neumann, but more original and productive non-Marxist political scientists—from Karl A. Wittfogel, Arnold Bergsträsser, C. J. Friedrich to Waldemar Gurian and Ferdinand Hermens—are completely ignored. The development of the secularist Protestant theologian Paul Tillich is traced and analyzed, yet no notice taken of the thinking of two great Catholic theologians, Dietrich von Hildebrand and Jacques Maritain, after they fled to the U.S. And among psychologists, Mr. Hughes considers worth watching only the starlets of Freudian Chic—Erich Fromm, Erik H. Erikson, Heinz Hartmann—leaving the reader unaware that the Gestalt psychology school—with Wolfgang Köhler, Max Wertheimer, Kurt Lewin—also moved to America, and grew here. As the sole exception to the author's overriding Marx-cum-Freud bias, Hannah Arendt stands out—and she is castigated for "her insistence on slurring over or belittling the differences between the Nazi and the Soviet forms of 'totalitarianism'" (the ironical quotation marks are Mr. Hughes's), until she appears as a sort of ideological Dragon Lady of the cold war—which can only amuse anyone familiar with Miss Arendt's left-leaning ways of thinking, and her consistent opposition to American resistance in the cold war.

WHETHER Mr. Hughes is a victim or a propagandist of the legend that the Hitler emigration consisted in its overwhelming majority of Communists and other radical revolutionaries—called "antifascists," if not "democrats" in their own Aesopian lingo—he has failed to discover the representatives of European social thought whose migration to America supplies the basis for his study. And he succeeds even less in exploring the effects of their "sea change" after coming here. Apart from the commonplace observation that their works suffered from English translation or from being written in a language new to their authors, all he can conclude—as an afterthought, on the final page—is that "the transmutation did not develop that thought as much as might have been imagined." What he apparently means is that they did not manage to adjust their speculations to American realities, and to update their abstract radical theorems for practical, that is, revolutionary, American uses. If, nevertheless, a few—Herbert Marcuse, in particular—became shortlived gurus of the New Left in this country, it was because some small segments of America were ready for them, not because they themselves had digested and fructified their American experience. □

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Verdi
By Joseph Wechsberg
Putnam's, 255 pp., $15

OOMPAH!

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

Down at the Metropolitan Opera House, sophisticates know, the band is warming up in the orchestra pit: another late night supper served up, hot from the ham-and-egg repertory, on gold plate in a mahogany hall. The tenor makes his entrance riding a mandolin: jailed in the tower, under the moonlight, Manrico presents a few addios to Leonora. The suburboisie among the audience retreat gingerly up the aisle to catch the last train back to Larchmont. The gold curtain collapses gracefully, the music critics wake up, and in the balcony boxes the Opera Club penguins politely shake their flappers. Another *Trovatore*, another crazy plot. Oompah!

As biography, Joseph Wechsberg's life of Verdi is a bust. I discern no new material pertinent to either Verdi's internal or external existence: what portraiture there is, is mainly superficial. There is an entire chapter devoted to the question of whether Verdi had or had not an affair with the soprano Teresa Stolz, and another given over to an attempt to discover why Verdi behaved as he did in his relationship with the conductor Angelo Mariani—a proven ravisher of La Stolz—who was once his friend, and who died at a tender age of cancer of the bladder, alone and unattended by the composer. The aim of this latter chapter is ostensibly to examine the "complexity" of Verdi's character (interesting that a famous artist should be so contradictory!), but it doesn't, really, although it does emphasize the fact that Verdi was not only a man of genius, but also a Parmesan peasant. . . . Such textual banalities are presented in a style which makes one blink: Wechsberg appears to believe that he confected for the occasion a prose that conveys the simple humility of the essential Verdi, while what it actually suggests is a coyness that does not reflect upon old Giuseppe.

But as a powerful defense of Verdi's work, and indeed of Italian opera as a genre, Wechsberg's book is excellent indeed. He is too intelligent to follow the Lincoln Center sophisticates who believe that *Rigoletto* and *Il Trovatore* are band-music written for the peasantry, and that the greatest art is necessarily compounded with theory and metaphysics. Yes, Verdi wrote music that was and is enormously popular with the peanut gallery: tunes that have been pillaged by the Longine Symphonette and that can be whistled by an audience after a single hearing. If it be true that Verdi wrote "melodies that everyone understands instinctively," it is because Verdi was not an "intellectual" artist but an "instinctive" one: an artist whose instinct was so devastatingly direct that even morons grasp it instantly.

RICHARD WAGNER died in 1883, almost twenty years before Verdi, but while he lived he scorned the Italian composer upon whom his ideological howlers had declared war. Verdi himself generally denied that formal hostilities existed ("There is no Italian music, no German music, no Turkish . . . but there is MUSIC!") but, as Wechsberg makes clear, there are indeed two principal operatic traditions in Western music. "The operatic forms conceived by Monteverdi and developed by Gluck and Mozart were gloriously perfected by Verdi. The monumental symphonies of the classical and Romantic composers were reflected in the emotional power and orchestral sweep of Wagner, who created super-symphonies." Wagner's characters are symbols of abstractions; Verdi's are people. Of the Romantic dramatists Verdi wrote that their "great characters produce the great situations, and the dramatic effect follows naturally," and it was indeed precisely such situations that his music expresses. "Opera," he said, "is opera, and symphony is symphony."

It remains true nonetheless that throughout his career Verdi worked consciously toward a more perfect unity between drama and music, between libretto and score; and because the evolution of his art is very real, *Ernani* is a very different opera from *Falstaff*. Wechsberg thinks *Luisa Miller* constitutes an early step by the composer toward "music drama," what with *Miller*'s long recitatives and melodic phrases, as well as the dramatic unity of its overture; and in writing *Macbeth* Verdi "changed his style of composing" by first developing the scenes and devising the arias later. But of course the culmination of Verdi's career is represented by *Otello* and *Falstaff*, both masterpieces and both created when their composer was in his seventies. His librettist in both projects was Arrigo Boïto, composer and poet, whose adaptation and redaction of *Othello* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* are, it has been seriously argued by serious persons, superior dramatically to the Shakespearean originals.

Insufficient though the book may be as portraiture, it is not hopeless, for not all of the words are Wechsberg's. Verdi, like Hector Berlioz, was a direct, vigorous, and colorful stylist, and Wechsberg has very intelligently allowed him to speak for himself in great indented clots of print. Wechsberg's telling me that Verdi was a complex fellow may not be very satisfying stuff, but Verdi's certainly is. Verdi, whose heroes were Cavour and Mazzini and who won election in 1861 to the National Parliament in Turin, was a fervent patriot during the years of the *Risorgimento*. In the wake of the Milanese revolt in the spring of 1848, he wrote to a friend: "I would not write a note for all the gold in the world: I should feel immense remorse for using up music paper which is so good for making cartridges." But he was also a frequently despairing man, who retreated to his farm to compose and brood and plant a tree upon the birth of every one of his operas. In his last years he wrote to Countess Clarina Maffei, "Now the years are beginning to pile up and I think that life is the most stupid of all things and, even worse, useless."

Comments Mr. Wechsberg: "The genius who gave so much melodious beauty to mankind suffered all his life from spells of melancholy." I hope Wechsberg never filches anybody's cartridge paper: schmaltz the repertory doesn't need. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[JOSEPH] GARAGIOLA:

The Banquet Trail.

Umpire Larry Napp recalls the time he was walking out of Toots Shor's with Yogi, who was carrying a big clock he had been given at the banquet. A drunk bumped into Yogi. "Excuse me," Yogi said. The drunk looked at him indignantly: "Why can't you wear a wrist watch like everybody else?"

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HART

(Continued from page 721)

sexual intercourse, but carries the child, nurses it, and plays a large role in rearing it, especially in its early years. Gilder thinks that male sexuality, in contrast, is a more limited thing, less binding. In his opinion, therefore, the male needs the "provider" role to bind him to the family, and to discipline him with hope for the future. Interestingly, he points out that the sole, the one, group in society that achieves economically in excess of its objective credentials is composed of married males with a high school diploma.

Gilder attacks head-on the current ideology of feminism, and he does it—quite accurately, it seems to me—on the basis of social class. Feminism at the present time is an elite ideology. It appeals strongly to a small percentage of women who expect to find fulfillment in "work." It assumes, as Gilder put it, that "people in general are doctors."

But most people are not doctors, and, male or female, they do not experience work as particularly liberating. Radcliffe seniors at their graduation might boo and hiss at every mention of home and the family, but this was an ideologically inspired aberration, an elite one, and essentially a destructive one. A valid feminist position, Gilder thought, should focus on and exalt the role that most women will fill, and are uniquely capable of filling.

As I have said, plenty of exception was taken to all this, but Gilder at Dartmouth showed himself to be, intellectually, *un homme sérieux*. He knew his material and he had his insights.

The final word may be left to the editor of the college newspaper, *The Dartmouth*, on the following morning: "Perhaps to the dismay of some, George Gilder did speak to an audience of interested or just plain curious people last night in Cook Auditorium. What Gilder did was to present a point of view which, while many might disagree with it, was at least worth listening to. His talk was an example of the healthy, orderly functioning of a free marketplace of ideas. No one was coerced to go and hear him. Those who did go were able to evaluate his arguments on their merits. What is more to the point, Gilder was not by any stretch of the imagination the 'hatemonger' he was made out to be by some elements of the college community, a fact which illustrates the dangers of a small group attempting to pass judgment for the entire community on who should and should not speak." □

LEJEUNE

(Continued from page 723)

speculate on the consequences of that decision and of the way in which the decision was made.

Will membership in the Common Market really impede the accelerating drift toward totalitarian socialism? Will it be a counterweight to the monopoly power of the unions? Will it prevent the threatened siege economy? Perhaps, but at a price. The European Economic Community is itself an intensely bureaucratic institution. Controls, regulations, and tariffs are the air it breathes. Monetary union and political federation are its ultimate goal: selfish and petty haggling are its daily preoccupation. To have lost an empire and gained a market, as Britain has done, is not a particularly exhilarating or elevating exchange.

The British Constitution will never be the same again; partly because Mr. Powell is right, and Westminster has relinquished a degree of sovereignty to Brussels; and partly because the referendum may prove to have been a genie let out of the bottle. People liked it, and sooner or later, other referenda on other subjects will, almost certainly, be proposed.

Can the Labor Party be the same again? The split between Labor's pro- and anti-Marketeers matched quite closely the permanent split between the party's "moderate" and Marxist wings. During the referendum campaign this fundamental disagreement was brandished before the public. Mr. Jenkins, for example, said that he found it difficult to take Mr. Wedgwood-Benn seriously as an Economic Minister; strange language for one member of the cabinet to use about another. Can such rifts be healed, or even papered over, or will they break open again, this time irreparably, when the government tries—as it soon must—to curb wage inflation and cut its own spending?

On the Conservative side, the party's new leader, Mrs. Margaret Thatcher, prudently kept her head down during the campaign. The soft-center Conservatives, who opposed her election as leader and who find it easy to share a platform with Labor "moderates," therefore recovered the initiative and have been able to set the tone during the past few weeks. This could be a significant factor if, in the economic storms ahead, a coalition or merely an agreement to support the Labor Government (perhaps against its own left wing) at a time of crisis were proposed.

That storms and crises do lie ahead is certain. The decision to stay in Europe has changed nothing; the referendum campaign was a distraction from Britain's real problems. The consequences of belonging to the European Economic Community, whether good or bad, will make themselves felt over years, decades, even centuries: but the consequences of Britain's economic plight will be felt, all too acutely, within weeks and months. What to do about it is a decision which Mr. Wilson cannot postpone much longer. No referendum will get him off that hook. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Everyone behaves at this service — 37 173 126 135 142 180 185 206 217 46 / 69 117 160

B. What husbands often forget; wives remember — 48 6 202 27 134 146 110 138 161 171 / 214

C. The replacement of single blessedness by double cussedness — 55 24 118 179 193 106 99 16 74

D. Having more than one wife at a time — 158 92 123 58 75 105 112 149 139 152

E. To promise to marry — 199 221 165 184 103 166 114

F. To bind by a pledge to marry — 211 128 218 122 17 137

G. A romantic attachment — 64 150 186 200 18 183 102 107 116 124

H. Morganatic (not J. P.'s garret!) — 71 201 23 101 82 63 19 50 33 87

I. Dismal — 11 20 38 98 5 42 52 86 95

J. A stock offering that exceeds the limit of capital, credit, or authority — 77 204 130 222 80 32 25 155 170

K. A rose red mineral consisting essentially of manganese carbonate — 104 216 219 9 44 136 145 148 182 198 / 15 39 30

L. A train pulled by two locomotives — 157 76 129 213 53 115 169 181 159 7 / 12 34

M. The toughest street in town? — 174 210 90 14 120 111 59

N. A far eastern country — 227 192 167 60 91 175 29 72

O. To agitate unduly — 28 35 41 43 62 83 97 3

P. River in Colombia — 4 209 224 93

Q. An inn where children would be a rarity — 40 45 56 84 143 151 154 177 188 195 / 203 215 225 21

R. Items worn as protection against cold — 85 197 133 66 189 109 164 51

S. Lacking technical training — 100 226 79 94 163 65 73 205 31

T. Recently married people — 108 54 89 207 67 68 132 96 176

U. An attendant at a certain type of church service — 191 8 13 22 36 121 147 162 178 187 / 47 61

V. Under the influence — 1 223 144 88 168 49 194 10 81 127 / 212

W. HORSE HERALD — 131 26 2 70 119 153 208 57 78 125 / 140

X. Town in St. Louis County, Minn. — 141 220 172 156 190 113 196

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 736 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 V		2 W	3 O	4 P	5 I	6 B	7 L	8 U	9 K		10 V		11 I	12 L	13 U	14 M	15 K	16 C
17 F		18 G	19 H		20 I	21 Q	22 U	23 H	24 C	25 J	26 W	27 B	28 O	29 N	30 K	31 S		32 J	33 H
34 L	35 O	36 U	37 A	38 I		39 K	40 Q	41 O		42 I	43 O	44 K	45 Q	46 A		47 U	48 B	49 V	50 H
	51 R	52 I	53 L	54 T	55 C	56 Q	57 W	58 D		59 M	60 N	61 U	62 O		63 H	64 G	65 S		66 R
67 T		68 T	69 A	70 W	71 H	72 N	73 S	74 C		75 D	76 L	77 J	78 W	79 S		80 J		81 V	82 H
83 O	84 Q		85 R	86 I	87 H	88 V	89 T		90 M		91 N	92 D	93 P	94 S	95 I	96 T		97 O	98 I
99 C	100S	101H		102G	103E	104K		105D		106C	107G	108T		109R	110B	111M	112D		113X
114E	115L		116G	117A	118C	119W	120M	121U	122F	123D		124G	125W	126A	127V	128F	129L	130J	
131W	132T	133R	134B	135A	136K	137F		138B	139D	140W	141X	142A	143Q		144V	145K	146B		147U
148K	149D	150G	151Q		152D	153W	154Q	155J	156X	157L		158D	159L	160A		161B		162U	163S
164R	165E		166E	167N	168V		169L	170J	171B	172X		173A	174M		175N		176T	177Q	178U
179C	180A	181L		182K	183G		184E	185A	186G	187U	188Q	189R	190X		191U	192N	193C	194V	195Q
	196X	197R	198K		199E	200G	201H	202B		203Q	204J	205S	206A	207T	208W	209P	210M	211F	212V
	213L	214B		215Q	216K	217A		218F	219K	220X	221E	222J	223V	224P	225Q	226S	227N		

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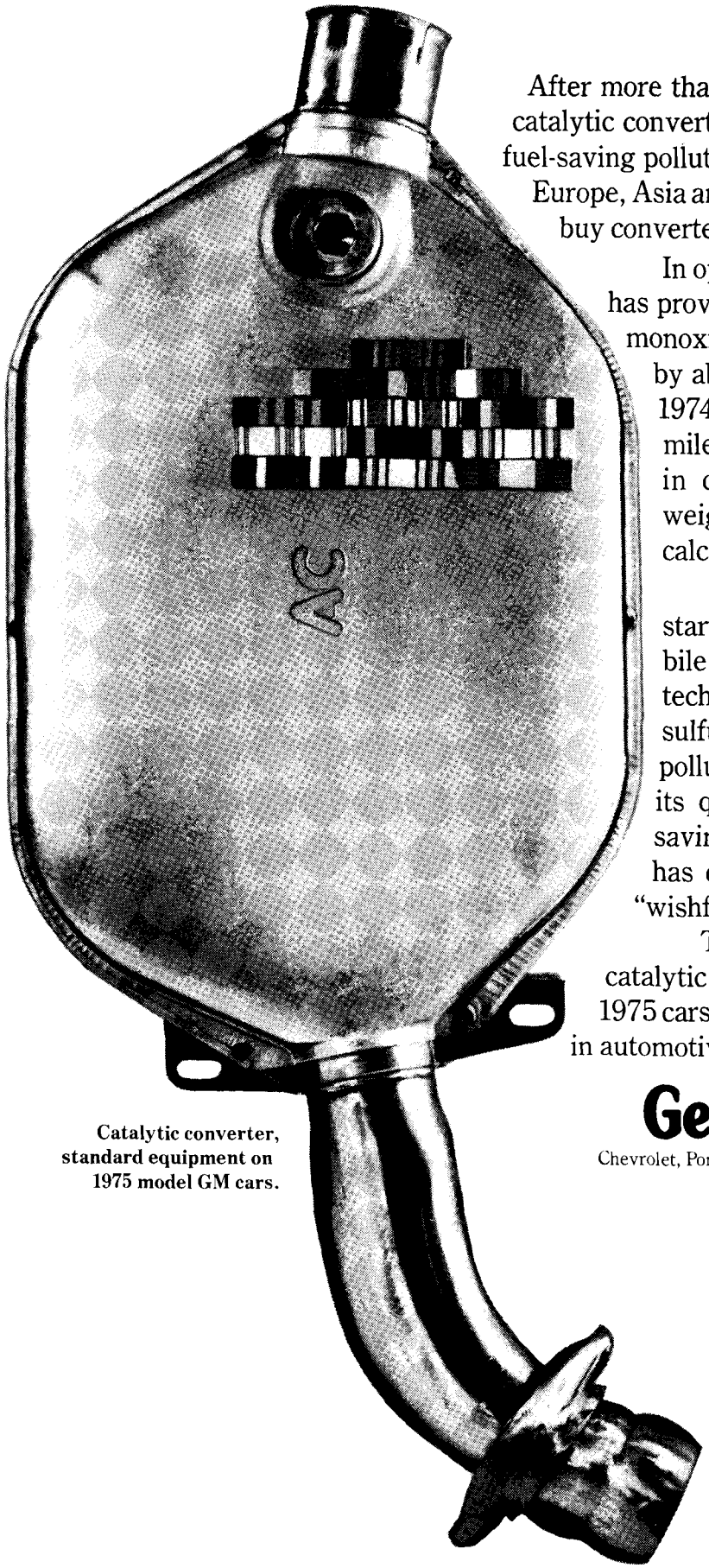

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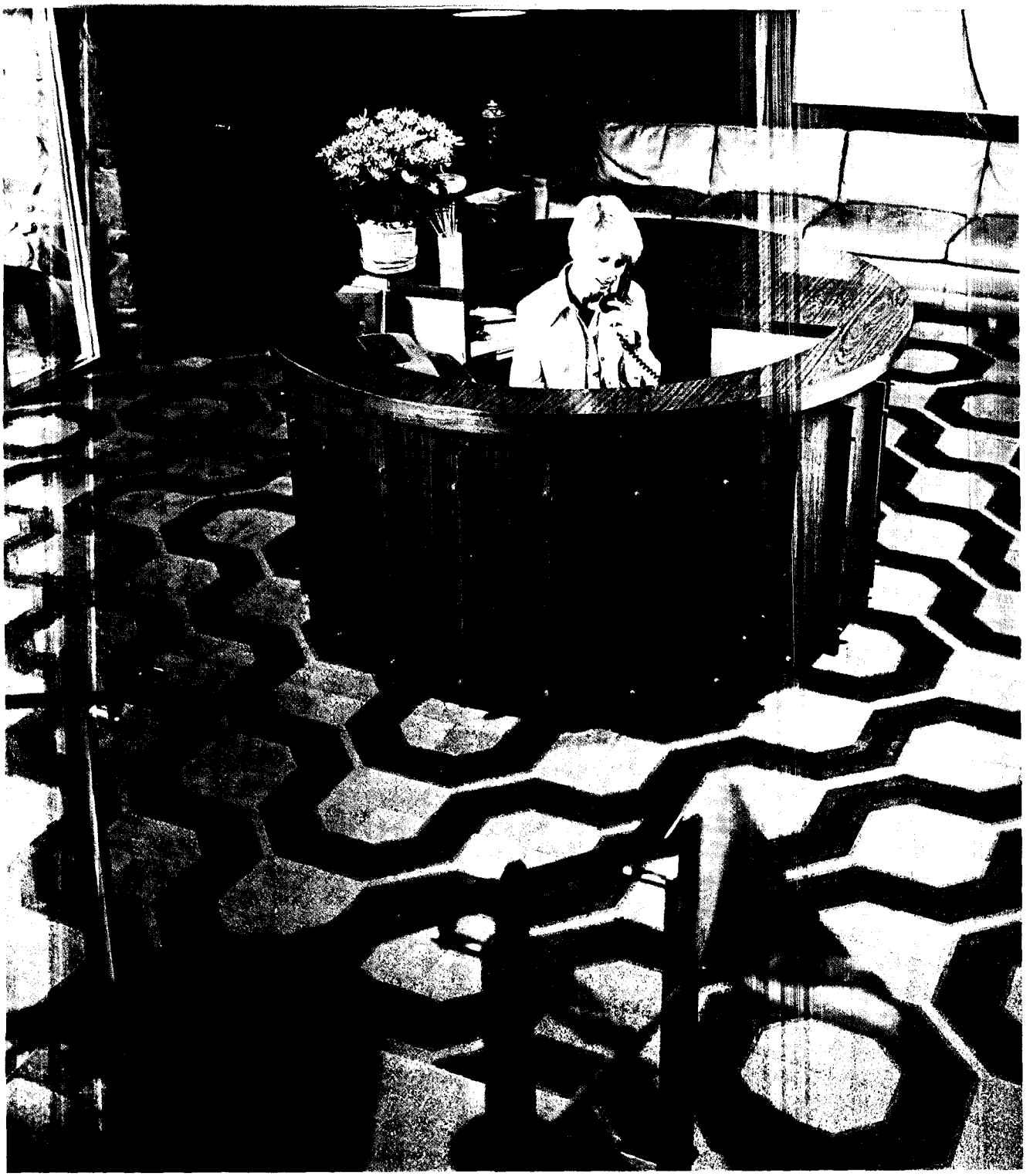

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